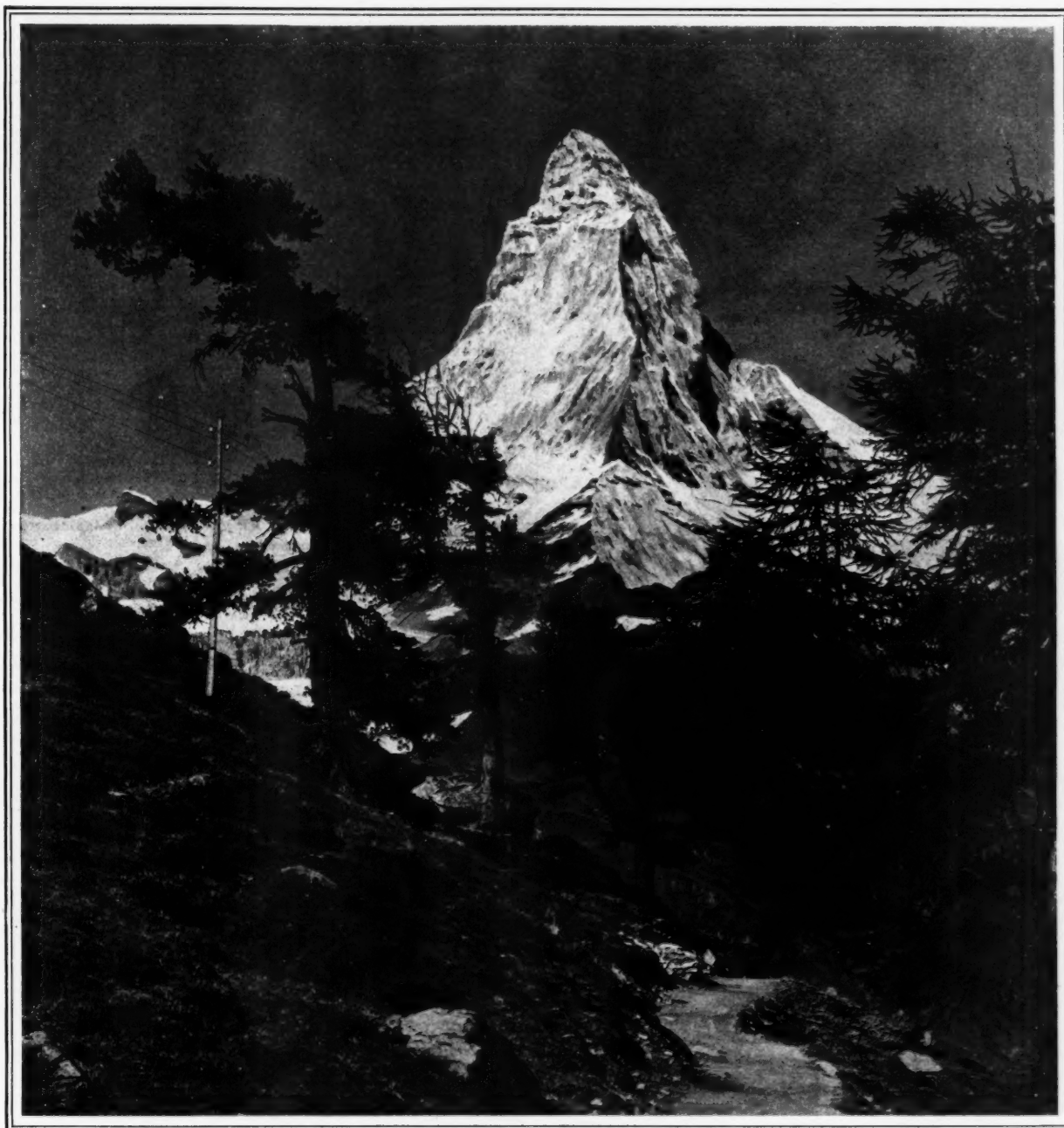


# YOUTH'S COMPANION



THE MATTERHORN

*A famous peak in the Pennine Alps, Switzerland (See page 190)*

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## CALEB PEASLEE ON BEING CAREFUL

By FRANK K. RICH

CALEB PEASLEE gazed ruefully at a young apple tree, badly girdled through the winter by mice.

"If I was bright 'nough and wise 'nough, Hyne," he remarked, "I'd try to git up a proverb to offset the ones that urge a man to be careful. It's well 'nough to be careful—but there's such a thing as overdoin' it."

"Jest how have you been too careful and in what way, do you mean?" the deacon asked, eying the tree sympathizingly.

"I was so careful to git 'nough straw and mulch round the tree," Caleb explained, "that I got too much—and it made a nice place for mice to harbor through the winter. And now see what they've done to that tree! I've got to go to work and bridge-graft it if I want to save it," he added moodily.

"Wal, lookin' at it that way," the deacon agreed, "I c'n see what you mean."

"There was one case that mebbee I know about and you don't," Caleb went on, grinning. "Did you ever happen to hear about the time Theron Wade shut himself into the old barn to git away from the steer? I guess prob'bly you never have; it was when I was a youngster."

"Theron was a funny lad; for all he was raised here in Dilmouth he never got reelly wonted to farm critters. I don't s'pose," Caleb conjectured, "that he ever saw the day he wouldn't rather walk five miles than to harness a hoss and drive the distance; timid of 'em, you know. And he was wuss about neat cattle than he was hosses."

"And timid as he was about cows and horned cattle of all kinds, he was even wuss about a ram."

"Wal, to git ahead: One day Theron had to go an errand to the village, and, bein' in such a hurry, he undertook to cross the pasture, not seein' any cattle or sheep in it and thinkin'—as it proved afterward—that Mayberry had changed 'em all over to his other pasture to better the feed. He had changed 'em, as a matter of fact, all but one old ram that was the frolicky one, and a couple of young steers that was breachy."

"Theron got the better part of the way across the pasture, too far to git back to the fence, and jest before he got to an old barn there he rounded a clump of bushes and come right on the two young cattle; and they, thinkin' he'd come to give 'em salt, like 'nough, started to'rd's him, trottin'; and that was 'nough to make him panicky in a minute."

"He was too fur away to make the fence, but there was the old barn with the doors open; so he made for that and had jest time 'nough to swing the doors shut when the steers struck the outside hard 'nough to jar the buildin' and made Thed blat like a calf, he was so scared, for all he had a shet door betwixt him and the critters. And even then he wa'n't satisfied—he had to go and be too careful; he up and dropped the stay-bar, a heavy yellow birch timber, into the thimbles; and, it bein' wet and swelled from some rain, it wedged in there and stuck."

"Wal, he'd no more than dropped the stay-bar when he heard a noise behind him, and when he whirled to see what it was there was that old ram (that like 'nough had slipped in there to chew his cud out of the hot sun) jest teeterin' and gittin' ready to repel boarders, 's you might say. And there was Theron, from bein' too careful, locked up in that shakly old barn with a stay-bar that had wedged and doors that he couldn't git open easy. I guess he must have gone about wild. Anyway, there was a race round the inside of the barn, with Thed blattin' and the ram snortin', and every time Thed would git near 'nough the door he'd give the bar a little lift—till finally it did fetch clear and dropped, and Thed went through the door yellin' and wavin' his arms; and he went so quick, and scared the young cattle so, that they jest scattered and left him and the ram to run it out between 'em."

"Wal, Thed beat the ram in the race to the fence, but he didn't but jest, even at that. And it wa'n't a gre't while after that he went away to school—and when he did it wa'n't to study farmin'! He owned up to me in after years that after that experience he knew for sartin he c'd never look a farm-critter in the face. So he took some kind of engineerin', and he's got well off out of it."

"So he reelly prospered in the end," the deacon said.

"Yes," Caleb admitted, "but he'd have saved one bad scare and prospered jest as well if he'd been less careful!"

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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 101

MARCH 17, 1927

NUMBER 11



Bobby got so excited he stood up, pointing with the buggy whip as the rambling house of log and brick and frame broke on our view

WHEN it all began I, Brownie, Bobby's wife, only knew Mother as described to me by Bobby, her youngest. From what he said I imagined a frail old lady who had broken up housekeeping when Father died to spend the remainder of an enfeebled existence with her married sons and daughters. "For of course she couldn't stay on the farm by herself," said Bobby. I knew, too, because Bobby seemed so sure of it, that she was never really happy except when nursing one of her numerous namesakes, or else working French bowknots and b  bes all over their nainsook dresses. Sometimes she was with Marion in Morristown, sometimes with Evelyn or Kathie in Baltimore, sometimes with Tom or Carl in Richmond; and she wrote to us from all these places, wrote sweet, maternal letters full of affection, but with never a line in any of them to prepare our minds for the startling occurrences later on.

After one of these letters Bobby would sigh and say, "Some day when we get a raise we can take a bigger flat and have Mother to stay with us, too, Brownie." And at intervals he would get positively blue. "Why, we may never have a chance to see Mother," he said once. "She's getting old—just think, fifty-six in February! I ought to have stayed in Virginia with the rest."

"Then you'd never have met me, Bobby." "That's so," said Bobby, looking comforted. "I tell you, Brownie, I'm going to try to get on the Times-Dispatch. You'd like it fine in Richmond. You're just like a Virginia girl, anyway."

"I'm not," I declared. "I'm an Ohio girl and I'm going to stay an Ohio girl; but I'd like to try it in Richmond, and I do want to know Mother and the girls and see some of those remarkable babies, especially the one that's named for you."

"Carl's, isn't he?" "Shame on you, Bobby! Marion's, of course."

"Why, of course," echoed Bobby, remembering no better than before. "See here, Brownie, do that Ibsen recital for me tonight. I simply can't wedge it in."

He was off with this, and I sat down to write to Mother, who was at Marion's now, and tell her how Bobby hadn't had a chance to answer her last letter, but would soon.

Bobby usually conducted his family correspondence in this way, and the girls

## The Queer Case of Mother

By FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

Illustrated by ERNEST GREEN

had fallen into the habit of writing to me rather than to him, so when a few weeks later he himself received a letter from Marion I felt that it must contain news of importance.

He read it frowning, re-read it, and passed it on to me.

"I can't understand," puzzled Bobby.

"What?" I asked, laying the letter down.

"It's Mother. She seems to be nursing Lisa Martin's children through the scarlet fever."

"Lisa Martin?"

"School friend of Marion's. Lives in Morristown, too."

"I see. How good of Mother."

"But she's doing it for ten dollars a week," Bobby broke out angrily. "I won't have my mother nursing for money. I'll write her myself."

There came another letter from Marion, blotted with tears of despair. "Mother says not to be a goose. She won't come home, and I can't go get her on account of my children. She says she'll write to you when she's disinfecting. I don't know what people will say."

"Nonsense," I cried. "If Mother is well, why shouldn't she do as she likes? I dare say it's stupid just visiting round for years."

"She'll kill herself," said Bobby, "and then what will people say?"

"I hope you don't consider it a disgrace for a woman to work for money," I flared up. "You married a working girl."

"But we are modern young people. Mother belongs to the old order of things. It's unheard of." He ground his fists against his temples. "Why do you suppose she wants to do it, Brownie?"

"I suppose she needs some money," I said flatly.

"She has only to ask any one of us."

"Bobby Moore, have you ten dollars in the world?"

He grinned unwillingly. "Not till the first, but there are the others."

"I don't believe one of them ever had a hundred dollars ahead in their lives. Now, why shouldn't Mother—"

"Because she's Mother," said Bobby with terrific dignity. "You don't understand, Brownie."

I had bumped up hard against one of his native-state prejudices, and it seemed safest to keep quiet and await developments.

Other letters came. All the girls were shocked, all the boys were aggrieved, and the refrain ran, "Such a queer thing for Mother to do. What will people say?"

It was six weeks before we heard from Mother herself. Then it was merely a note stating a few facts in a blithe way. Somehow it did not seem to have been written by a frail old lady who liked to put out her eyes embroidering baby dresses.

"My patients are well, and I am thoroughly disinfecting," wrote Mother. "I hear that my little farm needs seeing about, so I'm going up to look into matters and find a good tenant."

"Going alone," groaned Bobby, "at her age."

WELL, fifty-six did seem old to me then, and I shared Bobby's anxiety until we got a card from Longwood saying that Mother had arrived and was having a good time managing her affairs. Later she wrote that she had found tenants for part of the house, a young couple she knew, and that she might stay on with them through June and put up some berries.

Wails continued to come from the girls. "Suppose," they wrote, "that Mother should fall ill up in the mountains on that lonely scrap of earth away from any conveniences. You'd have thought she had gone camping in Alaska instead of back to their own old home in the Blue Ridge."

"We should have made Mother sell her dower right with the rest of the worn-out old place," said Bobby. "Tom has always said so. It has never brought her in enough for car fare."

"She's with people she knows anyway. We can only wait and see what happens."

We got our next shock from Evie in Baltimore. It consisted of a clipping from the advertising columns of a Baltimore paper—"Longwood Luxuries. Strawberry Jam. Pickled Cherries. Raspberry Shrub. Straight from the Farm to the Consumer."

Mother's address followed.

Bobby mopped his brow. "I suppose," he said grimly, "people will say we've turned Mother out to shift for herself."

I laughed in his tragic face. "The only thing that worries me," I declared, "is that I'm afraid she's not charging people enough."

The next wail went up from Kathie. "Mother doesn't exactly know when she'll get here," scrawled Kathie fretfully. "I was looking forward to having a rest from the babies this summer. Mother is so fond of them that I hardly know I have any when she is with me. But now she is going to make blackberry jam and apple preserves and quince butter, and she has a new way of doing something with chestnuts which she is anxious to try. She has written our grocer about it, and he is going to sell on commission whatever it turns out to be. He told me about hearing from Mother, and I'm sure he thought it so queer." Here Kathie blotted a line and began again. "So you see that will take her till October. I've just given up ever seeing Mother again. I think the boys ought to go and make her come home."

"It strikes me," I chuckled, "that Mother's at home now."

"It begins to look that way," admitted Bobby.

We got our next thrill, not through Kathie or Evelyn or the boys or Marion, but straight from one of the most important woman's magazines in the country. I was running my finger in childish fashion down the August list of contents when suddenly the finger stopped, pointing stiffly to a name.

"Bobby," I called in an awed, gaspy voice. Bobby sprang to my side.

"What is it?" he asked in alarm.

"Mother!"

"You're crazy!"

"Look for yourself, right there between the famous novelist and the great actress, Margaret Talliaferro Moore. There can't be two."

"There must be."

But it was Mother beyond a doubt, a

whole page all about country living and doing. A page so unhackneyed, so genuine, so full of pleasantness and beauty that it made me homesick for things I'd never had.

"Brownie," said Bobby, struck by a strange new idea, "do you suppose Mother wanted to do work like this all the time she was cooking and sewing and waiting on us and never having a second of her own?"

I kissed Bobby. "But," I said, "I'm sure she was happy without doing things like this, and I guess she enjoys doing them all the more now; and," I pointed out, "this article is just one of a series to run through the year."

"Great!" said Bobby. "Those people pay, too, big money, I've heard."

The letters began to come in. There was not a single "What will people say" in the lot, and only Tom's wife used that poor overworked word "queer," and then it was to call Tom queer for not having told her that Mother could write like that.

Mother herself sent us a marked copy and said she'd just happened to strike a vein they liked; and if Bobby was going to make a move he must spend the coming summer on the farm and give his eyes and nerves a rest before settling down to work again.

"We are to visit her now, it appears," said Bobby.

"I'd love to."

"So would I," Bobby's voice was wistful. He was fagged out that fall, and his eyes ached when he read proof, and he was jumpy whenever, apparently, we had to choose between being run down by an automobile or a motor cycle.

"Perhaps Mother knows better than any of us," he went on. "Sometimes I wish we'd never left the country; but then I suppose one has to leave it to get sense enough to go back and live in it without killing oneself with drudgery. Didn't Mother say something about a box?"

Mother sent us a box for Thanksgiving and one for Christmas, too, and wrote that she was having a restful time by a big wood fire that winter, reading a lot, and catching up with the world generally.

THAT was our year for things to happen. First it was Kathie's husband, Jim. He was an experimental chemist and had gotten careless about his dangerous materials, as such people are said to get. Then came an explosion which nearly cost him his eyesight; and there they were, the five of them, with nothing saved up, and Jim warned not to use his eyes for at least two years.

Mother went straight to Kathie's as soon as Jim got out of the hospital and took them all back home with her. She said Jim could help her all sorts of ways as a consulting partner, and that it would be the making of the children.

Everyone now wrote and said it seemed providential that Mother had taken her queer independent streak; for where else could Kathie have been situated so comfortably with those three babies and Jim, who didn't know a thing except his chemicals?

It wasn't easy to get a good job on a Richmond paper, and we hesitated about letting go the job we had, so we never got to Mother's that summer after all.

The next winter was early and dreadful. Bobby went from one attack of grip into another, and at last had to give up and go to bed after a thirty-six hours' chase in snow and rain after a piece of news supposedly more important than life itself. He got up at last, but didn't seem able to get really well; and our doctor, an old college mate of Tom's, said: "Stop work, you. Go to the country and camp out between a henyard and a dairy."

"It's no joke to us," growled Bobby.

"You bet it isn't," he snapped back.

We came away from his office in a daze. The street looked different, the houses looked different; I suppose I looked different to Bobby; I know he did to me. We strolled aimlessly round a square or two and stumbled into a little three-cornered park and sat down on a dusty bench, and pretended we were watching the children in the swings. But presently we moved up close to each other, and I slipped out my hand, and Bobby slipped out his hand, and when they touched we looked into each other's eyes and laughed.

"I guess we've about eaten up our white bread, honey," said Bobby, in a hurry so that the laugh would still sound in his voice.

"Nonsense," I said, in a hurry, too, "we've just eaten a big hole in the middle of the loaf. All the crust is left; and Mrs. Carlyle says in her letters somewhere that the crust is by far the best part of the bread."

"Never read 'em," said Bobby, "and I haven't time to sit here. Brownie, do the Y. W. C. A. reception this afternoon for me, will you?"

So we went straight back to work in our sickeningly different world; and until we could think out a way of obeying the doctor we agreed to keep his verdict from Mother, who, we said, must be worried to death now over Kathie and her troubles.

Imagine our astonishment, then, on hearing from Mother herself within the week. "My dear children," she wrote, "come here at once. Doctor Connolly wrote to Tom about Bobby. Early treatment means cure. I will meet you Saturday. Not a word

"Home? Why, if it isn't around the bend there, Brownie!"

Bobby got so excited he stood up pointing with the buggy whip as the rambling house of log and brick and frame broke on our view.

The big yard was full of trees sprinkled with first green leaves. A green-brown network of vines covered all the chimneys and porches. Violets already bloomed along the path to the door. So much I saw, and that the sweet old place was set in a world of green hills and blue mountains, before I was fallen upon by Kathie and made known to Jim and the babies.

After this, Mother took us upstairs, and



"Bobby!" I cried in an awed gaspy voice. Bobby sprang to my side. "What is it?" he asked in alarm. "It's Mother, right there between the famous novelist and the great actress"

from either of you. Where should Bobby come but home?"

I had my first sight of Mother as she stood on the little platform at Glenwood waiting for us, and I never thought of her being Mother at all. Mental preconceptions cling, and that picture of a frail, stooped, white-haired little old black-clad lady still hung on Imagination's wall. This person had the pleasantest face I ever saw, one of those competent faces with dark, expressive eyes, smiling mouth and firm chin. Her coiled hair looked silken and dark under her gray velvet toque that matched her gray suit so perfectly. Just as I was through noting all this, Bobby, who had been getting the luggage together, straightened up.

"There's Mother now," he cried.

So that was Mother! No wonder she wouldn't go up in a chimney corner and sit down by a gas-log and nurse grandchildren for the rest of her life.

On the way home I told her about the frail old embroidering lady, and she laughed so that Bobby had to take the reins from her and drive himself.

"I've plenty of gray hairs," she said, "as you'll see when I get my hat off; but I'm not decrepit yet, thank Heaven. What idea of me have you been giving this child, Bob?"

"Now, Mother," protested Bobby, "you did look something like that. I hardly knew you myself just now. And you know you used to be embroidering half the time. I supposed, of course, you liked to do it."

"Oh, the girls enjoyed having pretty baby dresses. But I don't find much time for that sort of thing now."

"I shouldn't think you would," said Bobby. "What a wonderful new Mother you've turned into."

Mother gave him an indulgent look. "I'm exactly the same Mother you always had," she said, patting his arm.

"Well," returned Bobby, taking this in, "then that only makes you the more wonderful."

"You are a silly little boy," said Mother, "and could you tell me how far we are from home?"

there we found a whole long upper porch converted into the most up-to-date outdoor sleeping room imaginable. How she had managed it in a week I don't know; but there were a couple of hammocks slung for us, and sliding screens for storms, and a grass rug, and the dearest rustic desk and bookcase and tea table, homemade by Jim, we found out later. We had an inside room, too, but I felt truly that I would never use it except to hang dresses in, and I didn't.

"Why, Mother," exclaimed Bobby, "we never dreamed of this luxury. We meant to rough it."

"No," said Mother. "You are going to be comfortable and get well. Lie down now, you two, and rest until supper time."

But we sat down in one of the hammocks, and the blue mountains looked in on us through the green branches.

"Why are you crying, Brownie?"

"Because I feel that you are going to get well now."

"It seems to me," said Bobby, "that you laugh and cry at the wrong places in this little story of our lives." But I didn't care how much he joked, for I knew that he understood.

THAT was the loveliest, busiest, happiest year! Bobby bent his energies toward getting well; I mine toward helping him; and Mother saw that our endeavors were sensibly directed and successful. Then Bobby, to his huge delight, had time at last to write some of the short stories he had had on his mind for years. We used to spend whole summer evenings talking them over, after he began picking up.

Late that fall we were all out in the fields. Bobby was nailing up a fence gap, and Kathie and the little boys were hunting hickory nuts in the yellowing grasses near him. Jim, farther away, was selecting an especial bit of hollow for one of his experiments in intensive farming, in which he and Mother had become deeply interested. I could see in her eyes that she was longing to join him, but I told her that Bobby would be sure to overdo unless she restrained him

by her presence; so we sat down to keep guard.

Presently, quite contrary to my surmises, Bobby deserted the fence altogether and began romping with the children and Kathie; so Mother and I relaxed, watched and gossiped; and it slipped leash at last, the question I had been holding back so long.

"How did it happen, your getting back to the land, as they say in magazine articles?" "Oh," Mother's eyes twinkled. "If you'll never tell, Brownie, I will tell you. It began with gloves."

"Gloves!" "Three, no, four, pairs of handsome black kid gloves, birthday presents on my fifty-sixth anniversary." She laughed heartily at my bewildered face.

"It was this way." She leaned toward me, keeping a wary eye on Bobby and Kathie. "Four pairs of gloves, and holes in my only pair of shoes, and not a cent in that expensive purse you had sent me the Christmas before. Now, I did hate to ask the children for money; there were so many babies and their papas were always hard up. Of course any of them would have bought me a pair of shoes; but I'd been doing for them so many years that it was hard to get used to their doing for me, particularly in all those little ways, when, if I didn't look in the glass, I felt as young as ever. Someway the four pairs of gloves and the two holes in my shoes formed just the proper combination of elements for an elixir of success. I looked at the gloves, and I looked at the holes, and all at once I saw myself back here doing interesting things and leading my own life. No one really needed me. I was perfectly free if I would only think so, and I made up my mind to think so. Bobby's gift came that afternoon, —money, bless his heart,—and I went straight down street to a shoe store with it. While I was literally putting the best foot foremost, I remembered Marion's telling me that Lisa Martin's nurse had left her with three sick children on her hands. I knew Lisa couldn't afford a trained nurse at twenty-five dollars a week, but that she could afford ten dollars a week. I knew, too, that she would only be too glad to have me instead of a stranger. I went there from the shoe store. That was how I got enough money for a working basis, and—oh, I guess that's about all," finished Mother hastily, as Kathie made a move toward us, "or, at least, you know the rest."

But Kathie moved off again, and Mother said, smiling, "I suppose I'll never know how hard the poor children did take it?"

"Not from me," I said firmly. "But," continued Mother, who apparently did know, "they seem to have survived it quite nicely."

"I'm sure," I said, "I don't know what two of them would have done if you had remained sitting by a gas-log embroidering baby dresses."

I saw a sudden moisture gather on Mother's glasses. She took them off and rubbed them bright again, gazing tenderly at Bobby and Kathie while she spoke.

"It's a mother's proper place, Brownie," she said, "to be able to help her children when they need help, and to keep, if possible, a home for them to come back to. I wish I had every one of you here. There's room for all, and a living for all, and health and good times for all." She reached over, touching my hand, "Make Bobby stay here, my dear."

"For good! Oh, Mother, if he only could!" "We can't trust him back in that killing work, Brownie. You could have a cottage to yourselves near the edge of the oak wood there. He could write to his heart's content, and you two could have a garden and fruit and flowers, everything that one has in the country. And after a while, if we pull together, we can buy the farm back."

THAT was two years ago, and the farm is now nearly paid for. We did stay; so did Jim and Kathie. We have a regular little colony now around the old house, and the town children come out and fill that every summer. Bobby stays perfectly well and makes lots more writing stories than he ever did drudging on a paper. Jim is still daft over intensive farming and makes, if I'm not exaggerating, fifty blades of wheat grow where one grew before, also dollars.

As for Mother, no one has called her queer for so long a time that I'm afraid this story has outgrown its title in a way no artistically regulated story could ever have done; and what people say of her is flattering enough to satisfy the most exacting of sons and daughters.



"I'VE won it, Mother!"

The round face of William Bumpus, Jr., was fairly dazzling as he shouted the good news from the gate of the parsonage. Of course Mother ran out and hugged him, and his father, following close, patted him again and again, saying, "Good boy, Billy; proud of you, son!" And all three laughed and capered about on the front porch till Billy remembered that the neighbors might be looking on and hurried indoors. He was short and roly-poly,—"like his name," a mean girl said once,—and what his looks lacked in dignity Billy felt he must make up by his conduct. So the congratulations went on indoors.

"It" was the appointment to the Naval Academy, which had just been awarded to Billy after a competitive examination.

"Hooray, hooray!" shouted Billy, hopping around the parlor, now that no one could see. "I never was so happy!"

"What did Congressman Murdock say when he told you that you had won?" asked Mother.

Billy's spirits calmed down. "Why, he was kind of funny, Mother. He said I had won on the merits of my paper, but he was afraid I wouldn't like it or make a success of it."

"What on earth!" began Mother, highly indignant.

"He said I came from a long line of teachers and preachers, and what they wanted at Annapolis was not bookworms but efficient, practical men. I guess he thought I wasn't practical," Billy looked grieved.

"There is something in what Mr. Murdock says," observed the elder Bumpus mildly. "You've lived a good deal among books, and you are rather absent-minded; but if your heart is in it and you are determined to make a success of it, you can do it, William."

"Of course he can do it!" cried Mother with another hug. "That man Murdock is just angry because an appointment in a minister's family means nothing to him politically." And Billy agreed heartily with his mother.

Surely, there was no question about Billy's heart being in it. When he went to Annapolis and gazed on the huge granite buildings, the white ships and the august officers the letter he wrote home fairly bubbled over.

But it was a very different boy that walked dolefully across the grounds behind Bancroft Hall one Sunday afternoon late in October. It was Midshipman Bumpus in all the glory of his dress uniform with its eighteen brass buttons in front, but he was looking for a quiet place where he could wallow in misery uninterrupted. He finally picked out a place on the sea wall and sat down to think things over.

"Fact is, everything has gone wrong since I entered," said Billy half aloud.

BEFORE the end of the first two weeks he had been christened "Blunderbuss Bumpus," and when he recalled the blunders he had made to earn that title he turned hot and cold. Somehow he had been so easily fooled by the tricks of upper-classmen, he had so often been absent-minded at the wrong time; and it seemed as if the harder he tried the worse he did, because he got so easily rattled. He had, with the best intentions, made every lubberly mistake possible,—at least that's what the cadet officers told him,—and yesterday came the climax.

He was section-leader, coming from an English recitation, marching beside his section with a Webster's Dictionary under his arm. Just at the corner of the walk stood the Superintendent, a stately rear admiral in epaulets and cocked hat, with a group of visiting officers from the French squadron. As Billy passed, he felt that for the dignity of the school he must try to look as military and as little boyish as possible. So he stiffened backward and looked frowning ahead. Just as he was getting ready to salute, his heel caught in one of the raised bricks at the edge of the walk, his dictionary was jolted out from his arm, and in clutching for it he bumped one of his section. The next instant he was sprawling at the feet of the Superintendent and his guests.

Those minutes that followed were too horrible to think of again. Billy wondered that a fellow can go through an experience like that and not die on the spot. Then came the interview with the Commandant an hour after, when Billy stood in trembling silence before the old seadog, whose keen eyes and bristling moustache radiated no tenderness upon the luckless boy.

After telling him in quarter-deck terms how he had publicly disgraced the school, the martinet concluded:

## Midshipman Bumpus's Efficiency

By WILLIAM O. STEVENS

Illustrated by VICTOR HALL



A shifting gust blew away the smoke and revealed all four at the window, where Husky, with Billy limp in his arms, was being helped by the other two to get back on the roof. Billy's right hand was clutching a tiny counterpane

"Efficiency is the naval officer's ideal, and nothing can be further from it than your lubberly conduct. I am glad to see that you stand well in your studies and have few demerits, but those virtues don't make the naval man. Now, Mr. Bumpus, if you can't do better than you have been doing, you'll never get a satisfactory grade in efficiency, and you will do the service and the country a favor by getting out."

"Aye, aye, sir," murmured Billy and was waded from the room.

It was only yesterday that all this happened, but to the boy sitting on the sea wall it seemed as if he had lived ten years since then. And now he was debating with himself whether he should resign. Evidently Congressman Murdock was right, and why should he stay if he was a failure? And yet how could he go home and confess his failure? He should hate to leave his roommate, "Husky" McDougal, he reflected gloomily. Husky was a big football player from Tennessee who befriended Billy and just kept "sat" in his studies by Billy's nightly coaching.

"I guess Husky would miss me," he said bitterly.

But in spite of everything the love of the

sea was still strong in the lad, and the romance of it came back in all its force as he looked down the shimmering bay to the French squadron anchored in the distance.

"No use, though," he thought gloomily; "I haven't the knack; I've got to stay a lubber all my life." At this he felt so miserable that he almost forgot the dignity of his sixteen years and had to blink fast.

Suddenly the air was torn with a horrible shriek. *Whoo—ee, whoo—eee, whoop—whoop!*

Billy jumped so quickly that he nearly fell off the sea wall and ran as fast as his plump legs would go. It was the "siren" whistle which calls every midshipman to fire quarters. From every corner of the yard, down the long steps of Bancroft Hall, in every possible uniform, the men of the first battalion were racing to the engine house, while the second battalion fell in in front of Bancroft Hall.

Billy belonged to the first and was soon at his station. Over the din rang the sharp orders of the officers; the tangle of midshipmen straightened out, and in a few moments the procession was rattling up the avenue to the main gate.

In those days the ancient town of Annap-

olis had a fire department of its own, which did the best it could. But, since the engine horse had to be brought in from pasture or unharnessed from the garbage cart, the force did not arrive so suddenly as to startle anybody. So when a fire threatened to be serious, the midshipmen came to the rescue, and a great lark they usually made of it.

In the excitement Billy trotted along, pulling a rope, forgetful of his woes. But he was soon reminded when an upper classman managed to trip him so that he fell heavily. There was a roar of laughter and a voice, "Blundy Bumps again!"

"Pipe down there!" bellowed a cadet officer.

In another minute they had wheeled down a narrow street of frame houses just outside the yard. Already one of the tenements was gone past help, and the work of the fire brigade was to save the houses on each side. The boys were rapidly separated into squads and Billy found himself with Husky and two third-classmen in charge of a hose on the roof of a back porch. Every now and then as the wind veered it blew over them a choking cloud of smoke filled with bits of plaster and burning tar paper; but they poured a steady stream of water into the window of one of the threatened houses opposite them, which had just taken fire.

"Hurray!" he yelled excitedly as the stream tore off a blazing shutter and sent it clattering below.

Suddenly, a mulatto woman ran out from the rear of the house across the back yard.

"They's a baby in that room!" she shrieked to the boys on the roof.

BILLY was nearest her and the only one who heard. A baby! It was already blistering hot where they stood, and the room she was pointing to was pouring out black smoke. Still, it was only twenty feet away and within easy reach from the porch roof.

"Look out, fellows! I'm going after the baby!"

Billy's companions heard that just as another cloud of smoke swirled over them. As it shifted they saw him disappear in the window. A few seconds later, Husky had wet his handkerchief and, holding it over his mouth and nose, was climbing after him.

There was so much smoke that none of this was seen from below, and a lieutenant bawled up, "Steady there with that hose!" To his astonishment, his order was answered by the crew's shutting off the nozzle and vanishing from their stations. A shifting gust blew away the smoke and revealed all four at the window, where Husky, with Billy limp in his arms, was being helped by the other two to get back on the roof. Billy's right hand was clutching a tiny counterpane.

When they took stock of the two friends at Sick Quarters they found them not seriously the worse for the adventure. As Billy came to with the smoke out of his lungs, he asked if anybody found that baby. "I couldn't," he said weakly.

"You blamed fool," snorted Husky McDougal, who was having his hand dressed, "there wasn't any."

The following morning brought another summons for Midshipman Bumpus to report to the Commandant. Again he faced the keen eyes and the bristling moustache.

"Mr. Bumpus, did you get orders to enter that burning house?"

"No, sir; the colored woman said that there was a baby in there."

"So I understand. Did it occur to you that there had been plenty of time for the occupants to get out, and that the officers in charge must have seen to it that the house was properly cleared, since they had managed to save most of the furniture as well? That darky woman only knew that there *had* been a baby there. Well?"

"I guess I've blundered again," said Billy miserably. "I—I think I'd better resign, sir."

"Nonsense," laughed the martinet, and he laid a hand on the boy's shoulder. "My boy, the kind of blundering that braves danger without stopping to calculate is a splendid foundation for you to build on. Now, I think that when you get more accustomed to this new life you'll be less nervous and rattled. Never mind what they call you, Bumpus, you've got the making of an officer; and remember I said so."

Again Billy had to blink fast to save his dignity.

"That's all," said the Commandant, with a twinkle, "except that I shall expect you and McDougal to report at my quarters next Sunday for dinner."

# A Boy on the Matterhorn

By BRADFORD WASHBURN

THE Matterhorn is, in my opinion, the most beautiful mountain in Europe. It stands in all its glory at the head of the Zermatt valley in Switzerland. On its left flank is a ridge which has never been climbed, and, according to my guide, never will be by mortal man. This ridge rises steeply out of the snow fields to a height of about 13,000 feet, and is finally surmounted by a cliff which rises from there nearly all the way to the summit, 14,830 feet above sea level.

Next in line of view is the broad eastern face of the mountain, sometimes white with snow, and at other times with only tiny white streaks of snow showing on the brown of the rock. The northeastern ridge (called an *arête*) is at the right-hand side of the face; and it is by this jagged series of so-called gendarmes that the mountain was first ascended in 1865 by Edward Whymper and

evening. We passed through the little hamlet of Zmutt and sat down against a large rock to take lunch. During the meal, clouds began to gather in large feathery horse-tails which I thought surely forboded rain on the morrow. The climb by the Zmutt route is a hard one, even with the best of weather conditions, so we decided to go to the Belvédère Hut, situated at the foot of the northeastern *arête*, and climb the mountain on the following day by the easiest way.

After lunch, father and I parted, he to find Alexander Perren at Zermatt, and I to Belvédère to find Gottfried. It was a mix-up; and I nearly wore myself out hurrying to cut off Gottfried before he could get to the Schönbühl trail. I arrived at Staffalp at about 2.15 in the afternoon and found Gottfried walking down along the path from Belvédère with the man with whom he had climbed the Matterhorn that very morning. We started back to Belvédère, and slept that night at the Belvédère Hut.

On account of doctor's orders, my father could not accompany me on the climb.

At 1.05 A.M. I was awakened, and at once got my clothes on and went to Gottfried's room. He told me to have something to eat and to await him on the ground floor. Two previous cheese and tea breakfasts, one on Mont Blanc and the other on Monte Rosa, had disagreed with me; so I satisfied my hunger with a cup of hot milk and three crackers. I then gathered together my various articles. It was a beautiful night, with all the stars shining brightly. I wished that we were at Schönbühl, as we had previously planned. At the end of an hour Gottfried told me that his brother had arrived very late from Zermatt.

## A Hut Perched in Mid-Air

Our ice axes were of no use, as there were no steep snow slopes on our route of ascent. Gottfried roped us up as we stood there talking to one another, passing the cord first around his waist. Twenty-five feet of loose rope followed, and then he tied me, and then tied his brother, leaving about thirty feet between us. Alexander carried a pack with extra films, and with our heavy clothing, while Gottfried went without carrying anything, as it was his job to climb ahead and hold the rope for us in case of an accident. If he had slipped, I believe we should have held our ground safely, as whenever he went ahead we secured ourselves well with good footholds and handholds.

At 3 A.M. we left Belvédère and climbed to the foot of the Matterhorn *arête*, two hundred yards distant. This ridge is formed of an enormous number of castle-like towers of rock (*gendarmes*). One can never leave the regular route on this ridge and be safe, on account of the soft and precariously



The author, roped to his guide, and perched on a gendarme, or pinnacle of rock, near the summit of the Matterhorn

balanced rocks of which it is made. It is for this reason that the mountain is such a dangerous undertaking without a good guide to point out the way.

Climbing was very easy for the better part of an hour. It consisted of mounting a series of steep rock climbs split at intervals by snow *coulloirs*. This was very easy climbing except for certain short ledges where there were few handholds. At the end of the first hour we turned towards the right and gained the summit of the *arête*. Dawn was now glowing, so we extinguished the lantern and hid it in a crevice of the rock. We followed the *arête* whenever there was snow on it, but when we came near a group of gendarmes we circled to the left about their bases, regaining the ridges above them.

We traveled upward in this manner for another hour, and then passed the ruins of the old Solvay Hut, placed by the Swiss Alpine Club as a refuge for climbers caught in storms. All that is left of it now is a battered rock foundation and a few planks cracked by the tempest. From here to the new Solvay Hut we ascended by the face of the mountain, crossing *coulloirs* again of snow, between which the rock climb grew constantly steeper. When we arrived at the new hut day had broken. This second hut is perched in a place where there is an overhang of rock. The handholds were so filled with ice that we were forced to elevate ourselves almost entirely by the aid of the rope.

## On Top of the World

From this point we commenced the ascent of the slope which culminates in the summit. This slope is covered with snow, although in most years there is little or no snow there. It rises at an angle of approximately forty-five degrees for the last quarter of a mile. It was from a point halfway up this slope that the companions of Edward Whymper fell in 1865. It is a horrible thing to think of this accident when you stand upon the very spot on which it took place. You may be sure that during the last thirty

minutes on that fatal *arête* I followed well the constant instruction of my guide: "Put your feet carefully into the steps."

At 7.45 A.M. we arrived at the summit. This is a tiny *arête* of snow, overhanging toward Italy in a precarious manner. An overhang of this kind is formed by a heavy wind blowing the snow across the summit in such a way that the top of the drift is built out into space and consequently will support



Showing one of the chief dangers of Alpine climbing: the man holding the ice pick in the lower right of the photograph has slipped into the opening of a deep crevasse. If the rope had not held, he would have probably fallen to the bottom of this deep, treacherous opening

no weight. For this reason we took pains to keep well away from the edge. From the summit towards the west extends a very narrow ridge leading to what is known as the Italian peak, two hundred feet away, which is crowned by a large bronze cross. The wind was cold, and our stay was of but half an hour, spent in signalling to Zermatt with a large handkerchief, taking pictures, and, last but not least, looking at the view.

## Safe and Sound

The first thing that struck my eye was Mont Blanc, looking like a great snowy cloud hung in the air high above all the neighboring peaks, and nearly sixty miles away. Swinging from left to right was a panorama of mighty mountains, all over 13,000 feet in height. In one direction these peaks formed the horizon. In the other was an endless ocean of clouds stretching as far as the eye could reach.

We left the summit at 8.15 A.M. and found practically no difficulties in the descent. We arrived at Solvay at 9.45 and rested for half an hour, during which time I ate some crackers. We arrived without mishap at the Belvédère Hut at 12.30 and stayed for an hour, during which time I changed my mountain boots to tennis shoes and arranged my pack. I also had the joy of watching through the telescope the struggles of some people above me on the mountain.



Steep climbing above the "shoulder" of the Matterhorn: this remarkable photograph was taken by pointing the lens of the camera straight up in the air, along the almost vertical rock face of the mountain

his friends. These were Lord Douglas, the Rev. Mr. Hudson and Mr. Hadow, accompanied by Michael Croz and the Taugwalders, father and son. After conquering the summit, they had started their return to Zermatt, when Croz, who was cutting footholds and actually placing the feet of Lord Douglas in them, slipped. The climbers were roped together. Before they knew what happened, Douglas, Hadow and Hudson were swept from their feet. Whymper and the Taugwalders planted themselves firmly in order to save the others, but the rope caught over a sharp rock and broke. The other men disappeared from view in a second, sliding at terrific speed over the snow slope and then falling more than four thousand feet to the Matterhorn glacier far below. Whymper and the Taugwalders managed to return safely to Zermatt, arriving late that night in a state of complete collapse. Earlier in the day a boy had rushed into one of the hotels, saying that he had seen an avalanche fall from the summit of the Matterhorn down over the eastern face.

## The Climb Begins

Our original plan last year was to climb the mountain by the Zmutt *arête*, which forms the northwestern skyline, and to return by the northeast ridge. This is the ordinary way of ascent. But at the last minute a threatening storm forced us to change our plans. Father and I had walked out of Zermatt to go to the Schönbühl Hut. The trail is beautiful. On the left, wonderful gorges are seen through the trees, and ahead in ever changing shapes rises the Matterhorn. Our guides, Gottfried and Alexander Perren, were to meet us at Schönbühl in the



The mighty Matterhorn, as it looks from Staffalp: Bradford Washburn climbed to the summit along the left sky line; the route via the Zmutt *arête* is along the right sky line. No one has yet ascended the Matterhorn directly up the sheer face



# The Family Jar

By IRA RICH KENT

Illustrated by HAROLD ANDERSON

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Trefethen returned from their honeymoon journey to take up their honeymoon residence in what is the prettiest as well as the smallest cottage in Far Vales, they brought with them a large lump of curiosity. One fifth of it was Lawrence's and the other four fifths Gertrude's; and it had all had its origin in the letter from Lawrence's Aunt Marietta which had reached them at Lake Placid.

It had been written at Frankfort on the Main, where Aunt Marietta had, for some unknown reason, been spending a month, and whence she had dispatched her wedding gift to her nephew.

"And," read the letter, "as my forty years' experience with the transatlantic service makes me perfectly sure that the package won't reach America till at least ten days after the agent says it will, I have saved you a great deal of needless bother by having my gift sent straight from the Frankfort pottery ("Oh, Lawrence, it's some of those beautiful thin cups, I'm perfectly sure," sighed Gertrude, happily) to your new home at Far Vales, where you will probably find it when you arrive. I hope that it will fit into some corner of your happy lives there, and be each day a pleasant reminder of your old aunt's affection."

Gertrude's eyes glowed with the rapacity of the gift-hungry bride.

"Perhaps it's a tea-set; don't you think so, Lawrence? Your Aunt Marietta has a whole lot of money, hasn't she? She wouldn't stop at a set of cups, of course. Isn't that beautiful, Lawrence; a whole tea-set of Frankfort porcelain! Just think of it!"

Sure enough, there "the package" stood, impressive with foreign marks and labels and the more impressive in that it filled the little kitchen of the little house very uncomfortably full. Lawrence gazed at the bulk in some dismay; but his wife's imagination was wide enough to take it in without a gulp.

"Oh, Lawrence!" She clapped her hands ecstatically in the pantry: there was no room in the kitchen. "I knew I was doing Aunt Marietta an injustice. It's a dinner-set—of course it is, a Frankfort porcelain dinner-set. I shouldn't wonder a bit if there were a hundred and twenty pieces!"

"Nor I," said Lawrence, dubiously. "In fact, I think that's a trifle low. If this is a guessing contest, put mine down at three hundred and seventy-five."

"Lawrence, don't be absurd. And you're wasting time, too. Go straight and get the hammer. I want to unpack every darling piece of that dinner-set tonight."

Lawrence pounded his fingers a good deal, and the box a little more; he tore a distressing hole in the knee of his new trousers and got himself very hot and mussed and red in the face and ill-tempered. Lawrence was a somewhat stout young man, never intended for struggling with boxes of that size in kitchens of that size.

As he struggled, his wife continued to discuss the contents of the mysterious crate. "Aren't we lucky to get such a wonderful present, Lawrence! I simply can't wait to see it!"

At this Lawrence only grunted, and struggled some more.

"Oh, Lawrence," she continued, "I don't honestly think we've got enough shelf room for all these lovely cups. Can't you build in an extra shelf in that blank space by the cupboard in the kitchen?"

Lawrence said: "I'm never even going to get this old crate open!"

But he opened the case nevertheless, for he was persistent as well as stout. The last of the straw and wrappings was cleared away! Then Gertrude sat down in a hysterical little heap on the pantry floor, while her disheveled husband glared at the testimonial of his Aunt Marietta's affection. Poor generous, rich Aunt Marietta, who lived in a vast mansion and could never remember that not everybody else did the same, who bought and gave carelessly and extravagantly but, oh, so affectionately!

Shades of the cups, the tea-set, the dinner-set! Aunt Marietta's wedding gift was an

ornamental porcelain jar of most florid Chinese pattern, wide and bulgy, and, on its pedestal, fully six feet high!

Gertrude laughed, then she sobbed; then she did both at the same time.

"Great Scats!" panted her husband. "Where are we going to put it!"

TWO years later that impassioned inquiry was still unanswered. Even the coming of the tiny Lawrence Junior could not thrust wholly into the background the interest of the perennial question. On the other hand the presence of that young man decidedly complicated the situation; for, although he was very small, he took up an astonishing amount of room. And Aunt Marietta's gift had not left so much as that in the otherwise happiest cottage in Far Vales!

The jar became a peripatetic. It started in the front hall; then it abode for a month in the tiny parlor, till a "tea" came along and was held only by trundling the porcelain

Gertrude said, "lived in the corners round Aunt Marietta's jar."

Lawrence and Gertrude grew to hate the shiny bulk. The baby was frightened by it and cried at sight of it. "The horrid old thing," said Gertrude, bitterly. "I wish it would get itself broken. It's an awful example to people who buy wedding presents. I believe I'll try it in the dining-room for a while. I shall simply go crazy if I have to look at it any more in the hall."

Lawrence arose with a groan and prepared to take up his burden.

"I've carried that blooming slippery monstrosity a thousand miles, if I have a foot," he complained. "I'm going to smash it—Aunt Marietta or no Aunt Marietta."

Perhaps he would actually have done it if it had not been for his wife. But Gertrude came from Massachusetts and had what Lawrence called an "ingrowing conscience." So the jar remained, and their hatred of it waxed with every encounter.



"Great Scats!" panted Gertrude's husband. "Where are we going to put it!"

monster into the laundry. Somehow Lawrence forgot to fetch it out of its seclusion there for several weeks, until his wife's active conscience made it impossible for him to forget it any longer. So it came back to the parlor once more.

"Let's try it in the other corner this time," said Gertrude. Lawrence, with his coat off, laboriously took the jar off the pedestal, carried the pedestal across the little room and tugged the jar after it.

"Oh, that's too bad; I can't possibly get to the piano, if it stands there. I didn't think it was going to come out quite so far. It'll have to go back where it was." And Lawrence dutifully, but with little grace, undid his work.

"It's each day a pleasant reminder," isn't it," he quoted. "I'm going to publish a map of the travels of that thing!"

"What for? It would only be a solid black mess of lines," sighed his wife despairingly. "I certainly believe there isn't an inch of space in the house outside the pantry that it hasn't sometime passed over."

"There's the coal cellar left," said Lawrence, hopefully.

"No, dear, we've got to stand it; perhaps we'll have a bigger house sometime, and then there'll be room for it."

But Lawrence's income was not large, and the "bigger house" was a remote prospect. Meanwhile the Trefethen family, as

By the third of November in the third year of their married life, the masterpiece of the Chinese potteries and Aunt Marietta's generosity had traveled in its orbit to the little landing on the front stairs.

On the way to bed Gertrude, who was a slender little body, had squeezed past it. "I won't be shut out of my own front stairs by that thing!" she declared. That Lawrence tamely betook himself to the back stairway, and so evaded the issue, might be taken as evidence of the humiliation to which he had sunk. But then Lawrence was not slender.

At twelve o'clock on the evening of that third of November the entire Trefethen family, down to Lawrence Junior, Ellen, the maid, and Bossy, the almost tortoise-shell kitten (so named because Lawrence said she was "mock turtle"), were all sound asleep.

AN hour later there was a furtive fumbling at the pantry window, unfastened, in the manner of pantry windows. The sash slid upward, to admit a tall active figure that seemed to have an almost instinctive knowledge of the whereabouts of the silver and a sure discrimination, in the light of his electric torch, between plate and solid.

He was a business-like person. Quite contrary to the apparently established customs of burglars, he wasted no time hunting for food or drink. He did not go near the refrig-

erator, and his visit to the sideboard was a brief one.

With the silver stowed safely in a dark bag and placed by the front door, the big soft-footed visitor felt for the stair rail and went up, close to the wall, in long, swift steps, with a pause after each advance.

He was in the middle of one of these long steps when he reached the landing.

The pedestal which bore Aunt Marietta's wedding gift was poised on the edge, to allow room for the bulky jar. The prowler's foot struck it hard. He recoiled instinctively. The jar rocked on its base. He slipped on the stair. It tottered on the verge. He put out a helpless, clutching hand. It leaned relentlessly toward him.

Then, he underneath, and it above, they went down. Thump! Bump! Thud! Smash! Crash!

The Trefethen family, down to Lawrence Junior, Ellen, the maid, and Bossy, the almost tortoise-shell kitten, were, on the instant, much wider awake than they had previously been sound asleep.

Lawrence and the kitten reached the hall at the same moment. Lawrence leaned over the banisters, and the kitten peered through them. The kitten may have seen something, but Lawrence couldn't. He shifted his revolver to his left hand and felt for the electric-light switch.

Perhaps his hand was not altogether steady; at any rate he did not find the switch immediately. As he fumbled, he heard a clatter below as of rattling crockery, a scrambling, then the slam of the closing front door.

"It's all right, Gertrude; he's gone, whoever he is!" And he turned on the lights.

He looked at the empty landing, then leaned over the rail and surveyed the scene below.

"Well, I guess that jarred him some," he chuckled.

His bad pun went unnoticed. Gertrude was too divided between conflicting emotions of alarm and hysterical relief to chide him.

They went down together. The bag of silver still reposed by the door; the burglar had forgotten it. And the floor of the tiny hall was covered—"simply smeared," said Lawrence—with Chinese porcelain chips and fragments.

Lawrence laughed again. "Don't look so dismayed, Gertrude; there isn't a possible chance to mend it!"

"Oh, Lawrence, how can you speak like that!" Gertrude clasped her hands tragically. "What if we hadn't had the jar! We might all have been killed! Oh, the poor, poor jar—after we'd said such things about it, it saved our lives!"

Lawrence stopped chuckling and stared at her, open-mouthed. Then—he couldn't help it—he laughed, and tried to keep from doing it, and only laughed the more, until he finally choked and had to be pounded on the back.

Lawrence, like a man, was too much relieved by the flight of the burglar to grieve for one moment over the loss of the Chinese atrocity. Yet when he came out of his coughing fit he found Gertrude grieving bitterly; and, like a wise man, he arranged his features into an expression of compassionate sympathy.

"How could you laugh, when it's ruined—our beautiful jar! You know it was beautiful, Lawrence; and if it hadn't been so big, it couldn't have saved us. And it was your Aunt Marietta's wedding present, too! Oh! Oh!" And Gertrude sat down in the very midst of the fragments and wept!

Today one of the chief ornaments of the Trefethen parlor is a figured and really quite handsome bit of porcelain, some four inches square, mounted like a tile in the chimney breast. It is all that is left of the Chinese jar.

Gertrude never wearies of telling its story. And with each recital the faults of Aunt Marietta's gift sink farther and farther into oblivion, and its virtues glow brighter.

"It was really the most beautiful thing you ever saw," she concludes earnestly and almost tearfully. "We were heartbroken when we found it couldn't be mended; weren't we, Lawrence? And we shall treasure this bit of it all our lives."

IN ELEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 5

MORNING and a good breakfast brought Cameron more courage. For a time during the night he had thought that he could not keep from going to pieces entirely. But now he had come to regard what he had overheard concerning himself as a stroke of marvelous good fortune. Fate had not been quite so unkind to him as he had previously imagined. His having been fortified with a knowledge of the sources from which to expect trouble would surely be of assistance to him in any future developments.

But the awkward part of it was that the only men who were in position to do Cameron good were obviously preparing to do him evil. The factor's son had not liked Mr. Stearns from the very first sight of him; and while he had not been able to make out the features of either Jeff or Evans—the factor's son had not been favorably impressed by the sound of their voices. Jeff? He must be the storekeeper that old Bob had mentioned. He was the man who had the keys. H'mmmm! And Evans? Somehow, if he'd been forced to make a choice from the three, Cameron would have picked Evans as being the one less opposed to him. Whatever the men had up their sleeves, it had seemed to Cameron that Evans had tried to be more fair. That was evident in his saying that he had seconded Pierce's idea of appealing for the late Cameron MacBain's folks by air.

Well, what was to be done this morning? Whom should he go to? How should he get around the point that Mr. Stearns had raised? Would Mr. Evans be any more apt to show him consideration if he should see him personally? Was it possible that, seeing him, Mr. Evans would be influenced to do the right thing as he had apparently been influenced to fulfill the letter of the law so far as the will had specified? The more Cameron thought this over the more he was inclined to try it out. Mr. Evans couldn't treat him any rougher than Mr. Stearns had. At least Cameron didn't see how he could unless he actually laid hands upon him. And such a probability as that was most unlikely. The worst that could happen to him would be to receive coldly-nice treatment. And this, Cameron told himself, he would have to become accustomed to, if he hoped to combat the forces which were being organized against him.

The jovial Mrs. Miller instructed the factor's son, in her usual elaborate fashion, as to just how to get to Benbow Evans's house. Cameron could almost have gotten there in the time taken up by the directions. But the truth of the matter was that Mrs. Miller, burning up with the desire to learn what her new roomer wanted of a distinguished citizen, let forth her chummiest line of talk in an effort to find out. That she failed was added credit to Cameron's determination on keeping his own counsel henceforth, for Mrs. Miller's persistent nagging after information had become notorious through Deep River. As Cameron set off toward the Evans home his portly landlady deposited her two hundred and thirty-one pounds disappointedly on a creaking step of the front porch.

"Say, he's a queer one! He could have been deaf and dumb for all of me! Acts scared about something. Or else he's just, well, either bashful or careful. Now I wonder what in blue grass he could be doing a-calling on—"

Mrs. Miller left her question unanswered, shrugging her broad shoulders with a gesture of defeat.

Outside the Evans home, Cameron stopped uncertainly. He felt his bolstered nerve slipping away from him as he gazed at the house. It wasn't a house; it was a mansion; easily the finest dwelling-place that Cameron had ever looked upon. The sight brought back Cameron's self-consciousness in a great wave of feeling as he pictured himself going up to the door and asking to see the man who lived in such a handsome residence. Could he do it? This was a thousand times worse than going up to Mr. Stearns's office. As bad as that had been, the factor's son had not been awed by the building itself. He had been in offices before, but never had he ventured inside a private house of any elegance. It was hard enough meeting strange people, not to mention the encountering of surroundings equally strange!

IT seemed to Cameron as though he must have stood at the beginning of the narrow cement walk which led up to the house all of ten minutes—debating. Several passers-by eyed him questioningly, but, for

## Cameron MacBain Backwoodsman

By HAROLD M. SHERMAN and HAWTHORNE DANIEL

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

once, Cameron was unimpressed by their glances. He was too much concerned with the inner struggle which was raging. No, he wouldn't step back an inch! He had come thus far, and he wasn't going to turn back. What did he care about how fine the house looked? A house couldn't hurt him. But what would he do in a house like that? How should he act? Maybe Mr. Evans wasn't at home, anyway. Perhaps he'd better wait and call that evening. No—there wasn't any use putting it off. He'd feel the same no matter when he called. Might as well get the ordeal over one time as another. Might better; the next time would be worse!

Cameron's face flushed as he forced himself forward. The few steps up the walk to the door could not have seemed longer or more agonizing if the factor's son had been required to parade the length of Deep River's main street. He wondered, as he mounted the steps stiffly, how many people were looking out from behind the curtains at him. And, lest his resolution should fail him at the last moment, he struck the upper panel of the door a series of sharp raps as soon as he arrived within knocking distance. The use of a doorbell, beside the door, might have added dignity to the summons, but

"Oh, do come in!" invited the girl, cordially. "It's so much pleasanter!"

The factor's son stood on one foot, then the other; then he ran his fingers around the rim of his cap; and finally he decided. The dancing blue eyes backed away from him, and he followed, entranced. He stalked through the hall, lifting his feet high in an effort to keep them from sinking into the soft depths of the carpet. And he hesitated at the entrance to the wonderful library room as though it would be a sacrilege for him to invade it.

"I—I can just wait out here," he said, indicating the hall.

"Do come in and take a chair!" insisted the golden-haired girl.

AND so, after considerable coaxing, Cameron was brought into the midst of surroundings which, to him, were gorgeous beyond compare. He seated himself, not without grievous misgivings, upon a richly upholstered chair, and surrendered his cap only because he couldn't refuse the gentle commands of the golden hair and the dancing blue eyes.

Catherine Evans! Cameron watched her with a curious fascination as she tripped

"You're from out of town, aren't you?" There was a sympathetic tone to the question. The blue eyes stopped their dancing. Obviously, an attempt was being made to be friendly. Cameron suddenly felt a bit more at ease; his hands relaxed a mite from their grip on the chair arms; he drew in his first deep breath since entering the house.

"Why, why, yes! Quite a ways out of town!"

Oh, oh! Now he'd done it! Golden Hair had come over and dropped into a chair opposite him.

"How thrilling! I've always wanted to travel, but I've never been out of the state. Daddy says when I'm eighteen he'll—I thought you'd come from quite a distance by the way—by the cap you—well!"

For the first time, Cameron saw the blue eyes falter. Why, it actually looked as if Miss Evans had become flustered, too! This evidence served to restore much of Cameron's self-composure. There was something so sincere about the girl, so unaffected, and so gracious. He was beginning to feel at home—a sensation he did not imagine he could ever experience in such surroundings. But that was just it—the surroundings had retreated into the haziest of backgrounds, thanks to Golden Hair's appreciation of his discomfort. How nice she was! Cameron's heart warmed at her interest. And, almost without knowing it, he commenced pouring out his heart to her!

"I've come clear from Fort Seldon," he said. "Nobody seems to know where that is, so I'll tell you as near as I can. It's the farthest north trading post in the MacKenzie River valley, which is up in Canada. The post is run by the Hudson's Bay Company, and my father is factor of it."

"Excuse me," interrupted the golden-



"Do come in and take a chair!" insisted the golden-haired girl. Cameron seated himself, not without grievous misgivings, upon a richly upholstered chair

Cameron did not even know what it was. Glancing overhead and seeing an electric-light globe, he imagined that the doorbell was an electric-light button.

It was really but a few seconds before the front door opened. To Cameron, however, the seconds were divided up into thousands of pulsating parts. And then, to top the whole miserable experience, who should come to the door but a—girl!

A radiantly pretty girl, too! A golden-haired girl with dancing blue eyes matched by a blue gingham dress! A girl of about his age! A girl who smiled at him and asked him whom he wished to see!

"I'm Catherine Evans," Cameron heard a soft voice murmuring after he had mumbled something in response to her question; "daddy's gone next door a minute. Won't you come in and wait for him?"

"I—I—thank you, ma'am," said Cameron, snatching off his cap in great embarrassment, "I can just wait out here."

lightly into the hall and hung his cap up on a funny-looking thing—a wooden standard with pegs at the top. Of course she didn't know it, but she was the first white girl of about his age that he had ever spoken to.

"Daddy ought to be back any time now," the girl in the blue gingham dress informed him upon her return. "Just make yourself at home."

Cameron found himself missing his cap greatly. He had nothing to keep his hands busy, and they felt awkward lying in his lap. He tried folding his arms, but something told him that this looked more awkward still. Why didn't Golden Hair leave the room? Why was she standing there, eyeing him with her dancing eyes, eyes that danced—yes, mischievously!

"Thank you, ma'am," Cameron managed to say, after a terrible interval. He took hold of the chair arms, gripping them savagely. Ah, here was a good place for his hands! He'd sit like this till Mr. Evans came in.

haired daughter of Benbow Evans. "It's awfully interesting, but what's a factor?"

"He's the man that runs the post," informed Cameron, glad to be able to talk about something of which he knew. "And so when we got the word that my father's brother had died down here in Deep River and—"

Cameron stopped abruptly as Golden Hair stiffened in her chair, the blue eyes widening.

"Oh! Then you're—oh, isn't that wonderful! You've come all the way here to—Your name's—"

"MacBain," nodded the factor's son. "Cameron MacBain, the same as my uncle's."

"He was a fine man," said the girl in the blue gingham dress. "Everybody loved him!"

Cameron hardly knew what sort of reply to make to such a declaration. But "Thank you, ma'am," seemed a safe rejoinder.



"I heard daddy talking some time ago about Mr. Pierce wanting to see if Mr. MacBain's heirs could be reached by radio," Catherine went on. "Is that what really happened?"

Cameron nodded. The owner of the golden hair and the blue eyes clapped her hands in delight.

"Oh, I think that's marvelous! My daddy'll be surprised! He didn't figure there was a chance of anybody's claiming the property. Why, they've already made plans to turn it over to the Deep River Welfare Society—that is, just as soon as the time is up."

Cameron's heart skipped several beats. Unwittingly, he was being given information which should prove of great value to him.

"I don't reckon they'll go on with the plans when they know that I'm here," he ventured.

"Of course not! Mr. Stearns and Mr. Pierce and daddy will fix you up all right. They'll be only too glad to. My sakes!"

The girl in the blue gingham dress was actually more excited than he was. This observation also served to steady Cameron. So long as he could think of others he was finding that situations did not bother him much. But here was something perplexing! Mr. Evans's daughter talking as though he would be befriended, when he knew differently! Things wouldn't be fixed up for him. Not by Mr. Stearns or Mr. Evans, if they were to be judged by his brief contact with them. What would Golden Hair say if he should tell her his experience with Mr. Stearns, and what he had overheard last night? Cameron bit his lip. Should he or shouldn't he? Would it be worth while to hazard such a telling for the reaction he might get?

"What's the matter? What makes you look like that?"

The girl with the blue eyes had noticed the puzzled expression on his face.

"Can you—can you keep something to yourself?"

"Not tell anyone, you mean?"

"Yes."

"My, yes! I've done it lots of times!"

The son of the Hudson's Bay factor leaned forward. He somehow felt that he could trust those clear blue eyes which looked so frankly into his. And he needed some one in whom he could confide—some one with whom he could counsel, who might understand.

"I've been to see Mr. Stearns. He wouldn't admit to me that he thought I was who I said I was!" Cameron saw Catherine gasp and settle back in her chair, tensely. "Then, last night, I was coming past the store, and I saw Mr. Stearns and that man who runs the store and—your father! And I heard them say that I couldn't prove who I was till next year, and that if they could hold me off till the first of October it wouldn't do me any good anyway. And Mr. Stearns blamed your father for giving in to Mr. Pierce and letting them send the radio message which brought me here!"

The effect of this intelligence upon Benbow Evans's daughter was such as to leave her quite speechless with wonder and surprise. Cameron paused a moment, highly worked up over his recital.

"Please, ma'am, what do you make of that?"

THERE followed seconds of prickling silence, in which Cameron clasped and unclasped his fingers about the arms of the chair and the girl with the golden hair picked nervously at her dress. Finally Catherine, with a forced little laugh, sprang to her feet.

"I guess you didn't hear all they had to say, did you?" she asked.

"Well, no," admitted Cameron, seriously. "All I could, but—that is—"

"Then I'm sure you have misunderstood them," finished Golden Hair, her blue eyes flashing. "Why should my father or—or anybody—act like that toward you?"

Cameron hung his head shamefacedly. Benbow Evans's daughter had stung him by her answering question. He could muster no reply to her mild rebuke. Perhaps he had been too hasty. It seemed like a sneaky thing now, to have listened in on what these men had said. He hadn't really meant to do it. Besides, how was he to have known they would be talking about him? Could it be possible that the girl with that head of beautiful golden hair was right? Had he magnified what he had heard, making a polar bear out of a cub? If he had, it would be a great relief to know that his fears had

been mostly imaginary. He would certainly apologize, such being the case, and do everything in his power to right the wrong he had done in thinking ill of those who might have had his best interests at heart. Desperately, Cameron tried to recollect the exact words he had heard and to mull them over again in his mind. Was there anything in what had been said that a person could have misunderstood? In the presence of a blue-eyed, golden-haired girl it seemed increasingly so.

"I—I'm sorry, miss," stammered the factor's son. "Just forget I told you anything about this, won't you? I guess I'm sort of unstrung over being so far from home. I—"

The attitude of reserve which Catherine had taken on melted at Cameron's expression of regret. A look of sympathy came into the blue eyes. She was about to speak when the front door was heard to open. At the sound Cameron jumped to his feet, nervously.

"That's father!" Catherine said in a low voice. "I'll call him."

And the next instant Cameron MacBain was given his first good look at Benbow Evans, whom Bob Doyle, the station agent, had described as "the real estate magnate" of Deep River. The factor's son saw a medium-sized man of reddish-brown hair, ruddy cheeks and a sandy moustache which drooped at the corners. Mr. Evans was a trifle stoop-shouldered. His eyes were blue and sharp. It was not hard to tell where the daughter got hers from, though Cameron did take a second to wonder why he didn't like Mr. Evans's eyes, and why he did like Catherine's! Perhaps it was because Mr. Evans had a habit of never looking you square in the eye, quite. He was cordial enough, however. He came right over and shook hands warmly and said he'd heard that Cameron was in town. Catherine disappeared the moment she had attended to the introduction. Cameron had hoped she would remain and help him in the difficult business of getting acquainted and making known his predicament. But he was pleasantly relieved to find that Mr. Evans had a ready appreciation of his situation.

"Mr. Stearns tells me that you are unfortunate in not being able to present conclusive evidence as to your identity," said Mr. Evans. "That's too bad, my boy. Too bad none of your elders thought to provide this very important detail. Isn't there some way that we can get word through and save you further embarrassment?"

Cameron shook his head despairingly. "I'm afraid not, sir. You see, there's no boat through again till next summer."

Mr. Evans tweaked his moustache thoughtfully and paced up and down the room several times, muttering to himself.

"Unfortunate, most unfortunate!"

"I'm Cameron MacBain all right, sir! I showed Mr. Stearns a letter. You believe I'm Cameron MacBain, don't you?" burst out Cameron imploringly.

The financier smoothed his drooping moustache.

"Don't get excited, boy," he answered. "It doesn't make any difference, just now, whether I believe you are Cameron MacBain or not. Naturally, if you want to prove your claim, you will have to produce evidence that will satisfy the court. Yes, yes! That's what you must do—satisfy the court. The state will demand absolute evidence."

"But you believe me?"

"My boy," said Benbow Evans, clearing his throat, "I have no doubt that you think you have an excellent claim. We expected claimants. You are the first who has come along. Perhaps there will be others. Don't be hasty. My personal belief that you are Cameron MacBain isn't going to help you. You must produce legal evidence. Yes, yes!"

His voice was soothing, almost kindly. But Cameron distrusted the man's shifty blue eyes.

Cameron groaned. "But, Mr. Evans, can't they put off the time limit or something so's I can have a chance? I don't see how I can possibly do what they want done by October first!"

"Who said anything to you about October first?"

"Why, a—" Cameron bit his lip. Nobody had! This was part of the information which had come to him, a remark that Jeffrey Hale, the storekeeper, had made the night before! It wouldn't do for Benbow Evans to learn of this!

"I—I don't just remember," said Cameron, evasively, feeling that Mr. Evans's sharp blue eyes were regarding him searchingly. "But somebody told me that, if the

property wasn't claimed by then, you were going to give it away!"

"Not I," corrected Mr. Evans. "That's what the will specifies. I'm just one of the executors. It's our duty to see that the mandates of the will are carried out. Beyond that we're not interested."

Weren't they? If that was the case, why were they holding what had looked very much like a secret meeting in the back of the store last night? Something in Mr. Evans's attitude brought all of Cameron's distrust back in a flood of feeling. He couldn't have misunderstood the statements he had overheard. Golden Hair had influenced him for a minute, but it was only because she had been so innocent and so sincere. Her father was just like Mr. Stearns, except that there wasn't anything gruff about him. And, from



Benbow Evans

the way Mr. Evans was deporting himself, Cameron had a sudden thought that Mr. Stearns had advised the other two men just how to act and what to say in case he should get in touch with them. It was really no use talking to Mr. Evans any longer. Cameron stood up. At that moment the telephone rang.

CAMERON remained standing, uneasily.

He fell to examining the exquisite furnishings in the room as Mr. Evans took down the receiver and started talking. The telephone was in a corner on a small desk.

"Hello!—Oh, yes, Jeff!—What's that?" Mr. Evans lowered his voice with a quick glance toward his youthful visitor, whose back was turned. "Yes, here now!"

The last two words shocked Cameron out of his study of the room. His first inclination was to look toward the telephone, but he steeled himself to hold the same position, straining every nerve to catch whatever else Mr. Evans might say.

"Well, I told you the whole town would soon know about it!—Certainly!—An impostor?—Why, let me get in touch with you later."

Mr. Evans hung up the receiver and came back toward Cameron, clearing his throat. The factor's son, nerves on edge and hoping that he could keep from showing his high excitement, turned slowly to face a man he now felt positive should be regarded as an enemy. There was double dealing of the worst sort going on about him. The station agent's remark that there might be "something rotten in Denmark" came home to Cameron with added force now. Enough had happened so that he could begin to piece events together and make certain deductions. He didn't exactly know the reason behind this opposition which had been formed against him, but he was being introduced, quite speedily, to what appeared to be the prime movers! And his fighting blood, rising, overcame all consciousness of self.

"Where are you stopping, Mr. MacBain?" inquired Golden Hair's father, politely.

The factor's son looked Mr. Evans squarely in the eye and gave a deliberate answer. "At Mrs. Miller's rooming-house!" The brittle note in Cameron's voice seemed to surprise Mr. Evans slightly, for he raised his brows and gave his moustache a nervous tweak.

"Mrs. Miller's! That's, er—well, supposing you stay within calling distance today. I'm to see Mr. Stearns later, and we may be able to do something for you. Unfortu-

nately, Mr. Pierce, the other executor, is out of town. As soon as he returns we can hold a meeting and take some action on your case."

"When will Mr. Pierce be back?" asked Cameron bluntly.

"That's just the trouble," answered Mr. Evans vaguely. "We can't ever tell. He's out on the road most of the time."

"It might be a couple of days?"

"As like as not."

Cameron backed toward the door. A couple of days! And in the meantime? Of course this news about Pierce being away was old news to Cameron. But the disappointing thing was to have Mr. Evans intimate that nothing could be done until the third executor should be back. The factor's son had hoped for at least a recognition of his claim to the property. He would not have minded waiting several days or several weeks if he could have known in advance that the legal machinery would turn his uncle's holdings over at the end of that time. But this way he was left stranded—awaiting what? Ah, that was it—what? The son of Matthew MacBain, factor at Fort Seldon, may have been unschooled in the ways of the world, but he possessed a brain which he had been trained to use. Cameron thanked Mr. Evans for the interest he had shown and the promise of assistance. Then he seized his cap from the hall tree and let himself out at the front door and walked rapidly away from the house.

WITH all the problems that Cameron was facing, the most immediate one now was the matter of his finances. That problem settled, Cameron felt that he would be much better equipped to carry on the fight, since it gave every indication of being a long-drawn-out one. The first thing for him to do was to get a job! How funny that sounded—get a job! And yet reason told Cameron that this was the only way a person could live in this country. Get a job and keep his eyes and ears open! His faculties of observation were fully developed. The factor's son felt reasonably certain of detecting the state of affairs in Deep River as soon as he could accustom himself to the surroundings and the people. He had learned much already. If he could just stay in the community and do some scouting on his own and not let himself be buffeted by Mr. Stearns or Mr. Evans or anybody else who might have it in for him, Cameron was fairly confident that he would have a chance of forcing recognition. After all, he himself knew he was Cameron MacBain. The whole town might say he was not, but that wouldn't keep him from being the rightful heir to the valuable estate. And common justice, it seemed, would be bound to act in his favor in time. No, sir! He would stick!

The new stock of courage and determination which had come to Cameron pleasantly surprised him. Here he was, apparently more down and out than ever, and yet he had planned a course of action and had the resolution to carry it through. For the first time, Cameron felt the real spirit of the adventure tingle in his veins.

At the rooming-house Joe Polaski, broad-shouldered boss of the road gang, listened attentively to Cameron's plea for work.

"We very short-handed," he said, after looking the factor's son over. "You good, husky boy. All right. I put you on! Pick and shovel. Three dollars per day. Start tomorrow morning—seven o'clock!"

Cameron thanked the foreman, overjoyed at having found something to do so quickly. Now, with his material wants taken care of, he was prepared to fight his enemies to a standstill!

News travels with almost the speed of light in a small community. It did not take Deep River citizens long to learn of the stranger in their midst, or of his supposed business. Tongues exercised themselves over back fences and upon street corners. The disposition of the Cameron MacBain estate had been the subject of much conjecture for the past few months anyway. And now came this startling development.

"I see Jeffrey Hale's telling everybody that the boy's a fake, an impostor," said one wagging tongue to another.

"That's just what lawyer Stearns has given out," affirmed a second town gossip. "The boy was up to see him yesterday—couldn't prove that he was who he said he was."

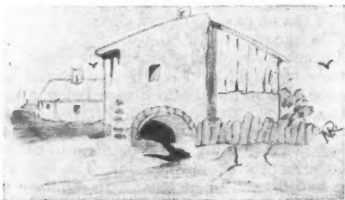
"I was talking to Mr. Evans at the post office this morning," informed a third. "The kid's claiming to be a long-lost nephew. Like as not a put-up job of some kind. Evans says the boy hasn't got a leg to stand on!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



## 68th Weekly \$5 Award

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "The Director is empowered to make a Cash Award of \$5.00 weekly to the Member or Associate Member submitting, in the Director's opinion, a project of unusual merit. Such an award raises an Associate Member automatically to the grade of full Member."



FOR the first time, a Weekly \$5.00 Award goes, not for ability in engineering design and construction, but for artistic merit. Although this is a new departure, it is well merited by the excellence of the pencil drawing submitted by Member Nathaniel Reiser (16) of Brooklyn, N. Y. Member Reiser, according to his own testimony, has been an interested worker in the fields of radio and chemistry. He says: "Last but not least, I am a great admirer of the arts and have done considerable work in the past in that field; I have been captain of my high-school drawing-trophy team, which has attained a good standing."

With the pencil drawing and the well-written letter, Member Reiser submitted a detail drawing of a stand and two popular cartoons. His work is marked by neatness and faithful adherence to detail.

## Proceedings

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "There shall be published every week in The Youth's Companion the current proceedings of the Y. C. Experimental Lab at Wollaston, Mass."

JAN. 31: The two treasure chests are covered with leather and the brass tacks put in. They look better than we thought they would. Made the fourth slide for the lamp and assembled it.

FEB. 1: Finished the treasure chests. They look a couple of hundred years old. Tested an outfit of electric cars. Lots of fun.

FEB. 2: Took up the building of the tripod once more. There were several snags in this, and we think we have them ironed out. Everybody cutting out brass pieces and fitting dowels. We sandpapered until our fingers were hot.

FEB. 3: The tripod progresses. Fitted brass ferrules to the three lower legs and also a brass tube for the leg to telescope through. Cut and finished various other parts in brass for the tripod.

FEB. 4: Started a pantograph. This ought to be lots of fun, and we have never made one before. Had a violent storm last night, and the gale blew our chimney to pieces. It was only a few pieces of stovepipe, but it had served us well. The Lab force repaired to the balmy confines of a near-by cellar while the Governor broke every record in getting some new pipe cut. It was up and drawing beautifully in an hour—and the Members had to tear themselves away from their new quarters.

FEB. 5: Worked all the morning perfecting the tripod and its parts. We want this affair to be so good and so simple that any boy can make one for his camera.

FEB. 7: Still making and finishing the small parts of the tripod. Put a finishing coat of shellac on the pantograph. Visited a pottery works with a view to building some pottery. We bought a big chunk of clay. This we hope to turn into some tiles, vases and jugs. Pottery ought to be interesting.

FEB. 8: Began a study of pottery. We are working at first without a potter's wheel, which we expect to build later. And later we may try our hand at a kiln.

## Membership Details

THE first step for all boys interested in the financial and scientific benefits of the Y. C. Lab is to clip the coupon below, which will immediately bring full details of how to become an Associate Member.

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## Motors and Generators

## III. Alternating Current Phenomena

By COUNCILOR LOUIS H. YOUNG, S.B., S.M.

Assistant Professor of Physics, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

BEFORE proceeding with the description of elementary alternating current motors and generators, it is advisable to investigate some fundamental principles.

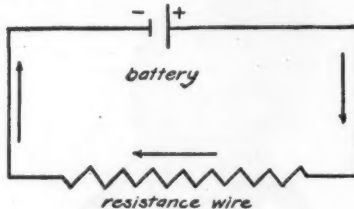


Fig. 12

A circuit consisting of a battery, two lead wires and a resistance coil is represented in the usual way in Fig. 12. An electric current flows through the resistance coil in the direction of the arrow. There is a difference in electrical potential (pressure) between the terminals of the resistance coil, which is expressed in volts. If you wish to have clear ideas of electrical terms, you must always speak of the current flowing through the wire, the resistance of the wire, and the difference of potential between the terminals. Current is expressed in amperes, potential difference in volts, and resistance in ohms.

The current that passes through the resistance coil in Fig. 12 has a steady value, and since the current always moves in the same direction, we call it a *direct current*. All bat-

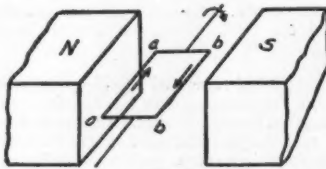


Fig. 13

teries and some generators deliver direct current.

Let us now examine the type of current which will flow in a loop of wire rotating in a uniform magnetic field. Fig. 13 represents the coil rotating clockwise. From our right-hand rule (see article II) we can predict that current will flow forward in the wire *b, b* and backward in *a, a*. As soon as the coil has rotated through 180 degrees, wire *b, b* is in the position *a, a*, and *a, a* is in the former position of *b, b*. Notice that current now flows backward in *b, b* and forward in *a, a*. When the coil is placed in the vertical plane (90 degrees, with the position shown in the diagram) there will be no current. As the coil rotates, the current periodically changes its direction of flow, and its size is continuously changing. Such a current is called *alternating*.

For the purpose of further illustrating this type of current, let us make use of the circuit in Fig. 12. Suppose that we could obtain a battery of variable electromotive force (difference in potential between its terminals when nothing is attached to the battery). Let us start with an electromotive force of zero volts and then increase gradually up to 110 volts in 1/240 seconds. If we draw a picture of the changing current through the resistance, we shall pass along the curved line of Fig. 14 from *a* to *b*. Let us decrease the electromotive force from 110 volts to zero in the next 1/240 second. The current decreases, as shown by the line from *b* to *c*. Now turn the battery around so that as

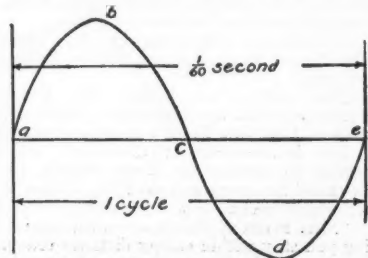


Fig. 14

you increase its electromotive force to 110 volts in 1/240 second the current flows through the resistance coil in the *opposite* direction. If we have called the original current positive, we must call the current value from *c* to *d* negative. Finally, decrease the electromotive force to zero in another 1/240 second and turn the battery back to its original position. The current curve for this step is shown by *de*. You have completed a *cycle* of operations; and of course this procedure could be continued indefinitely. We have a picture in Fig. 14 of an *alternating current*. We have pictured a 60-cycle 110-volt alternating current. The cycle occurs in 1/60 second, and the current changes its direction of flow 120 times a second. This sounds like an exceedingly

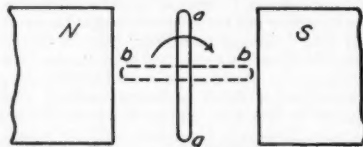


Fig. 15

small interval of time, yet scientists by electrical means can measure time intervals of one millionth of a second.

If we arrange a coil of wire so that it can be rotated in a magnetic field and do not provide the commutator segments as explained for the direct current generator, we shall have a device which will deliver an alternating current just as pictured in Fig. 14. The rotating coil is a *seat* of electromotive force. Fig. 15 represents the end view of such a coil. When it is in position *a, a*, its electromotive force is zero. When it is in position *b, b*, its electromotive force is a maximum. As it swings through the position *a, a* again the electromotive force is reversed in direction.

We know from experiment that, if you pass a current, either direct or alternating, through a wire, the wire is heated. The amount of heat generated per second is equal to the square of the current (current multiplied by itself) times the resistance. For example, suppose that the current in the resistance coil of Fig. 12 is 10 amperes and the resistance is 4 ohms. The heating is then  $10 \times 10 \times 4$ , or 400, and our answer is expressed in watts. But what are we going to call the value of an alternating current such as is shown diagrammatically in Fig. 14? It is constantly changing in magnitude. Alternating current is defined by its *heating effect*. An alter-

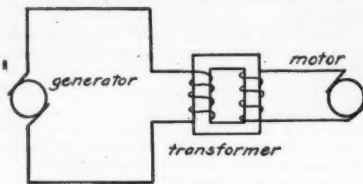


Fig. 16

nating current of 10 amperes is that current which will heat a resistance wire at the same rate as 10 amperes direct current.

Here is a problem in engineering. A direct current generator, Fig. 16, delivers a current of 100 amperes at a potential difference of 200 volts to a motor in a factory. The resistance of the wires connecting generator and motor is 2 ohms. Let us find the heat loss in the wires. Since it equals the current squared times the resistance, it will be equal to  $100 \times 100 \times 2$ , or 20,000 watts. If the generator and motor are operated continuously for one year and energy costs 2 cents per kilowatt hour (or per thousand watt hours), the cost of heating the wires has been \$3504.00. This heating service serves no useful purpose, and is money thrown away. How shall we overcome it?

Let us rebuild the generator so that it delivers a current of 20 amperes at a potential difference of 1000 volts. Its power output is the same, since the product of volts and amperes gives delivered power. The heating loss is now  $20 \times 20 \times 2$ , or 800 watts. The cost of heating for one year is now about \$140.00, a net saving of \$3364.00, by increasing the electromotive force and reducing the current.

Unfortunately, the manufacturer using the motor does not want his power delivered at such a high voltage. There is no simple way to get

## Special Award

Extract from By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "At the option of the Director, one or more Special Cash Awards, not exceeding \$25.00, may be granted every week to Members or Associate Members submitting deserving projects or suggestions. Such an award raises an Associate Member automatically to the grade of full Member."



THE nautical young gentleman standing so smartly at salute by the bow of the formidable cruiser shown above is Member Nelson Nix of Edmonton, Alberta. Technically, the cruiser classifies as a float, and Member Nix, whose years are the modest sum of 11, describes his work as follows:

"I procured some laths and fitted up a framework. From this I hung stiff cardboard all round and across the deck. I covered the sides with layers of crepe paper in red, white and blue. The deck and masts were painted gray. From the masts and crossrees, I strung red yarn. An old stove pipe painted red with a band of white crepe paper round the top acted as the funnel. The name 'Kitchen Special' was painted on three sheets of cardboard, which were tacked on each side of the bow and on the stern. The anchors were hung on each side of the bow. My ship is 9 ft. long, 17 in. wide at the stern, 14 in. high. I cut a cockpit out of the deck large enough for my little brother to sit in. I received first prize for 'Best Decorated Wagon' at the Gyo Playground Circus. I also went in the parade, of which moving pictures were taken."

Member Nix's younger brother may be seen duly sitting in the cockpit in accord with the requirements which Member Nix has prescribed. We congratulate Member Nix sincerely for an excellent description and praiseworthy project and a most agreeable sense of fitting stage managements in the pose of the photograph you see.

## Questions and Answers

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "Any Member, Associate Member or Applicant who has filed his first project has the privilege of calling for any technical information he desires from the Director, who will designate the Councilor to reply, without cost or obligation to the Member. All Councilors must respond promptly to any request by Members."

Q.—I am building a model steamboat and a motor boat. What size boiler should I put in the steamboat? It will be 3½ ft. long, 1½ ft. wide. What size motor should I put in the motor boat? What will be the best to balance it—lead or steel? Associate Member. Bernard O. Hopkins, R. 2, Box 121, Leaksville, N. C.

A.—By Councilor Magoun: How fast do you expect your boat to travel? The power required depends upon the speed you want. For a 36-in. model I should recommend a boiler about 4 in. in diameter and 6 in. long. For a model 36 in. long the beam ought not to be over eight or ten inches. Otherwise you will have a freak boat.

For the motor boat I should use a motor which can be run at full power on four dry cells. Such motors can be purchased for about \$3.00. Lead is better for ballast than anything else, because it is heavy, but iron does excellently. You should be able so to design your models that the power plant is all the ballast necessary.

around the difficulty when using direct current, but the use of alternating current solves the problem very nicely. We shall install a device called a transformer, as shown in Fig. 16. The transformer consists of two windings on a laminated iron core. The winding connected to the generator is called the *primary*, and the one connected to the motor is the *secondary*. If we have the generator deliver current at a potential difference of 1000 volts and there are 1000 turns on the primary windings, by putting 200 turns on the secondary we shall obtain a potential difference at the motor of 200 volts. If the current in the primary is 20 amperes, by this scheme the wire-heating loss (transmission-line loss) is kept down to a low value, and the manufacturer can receive his energy at the potential difference he desires.

The operation of the transformer depends upon the fact that the current is always changing in magnitude. The changing current produces a magnetic field of varying strength. This changing magnetic field produces an induced electromotive force in the secondary winding which is proportional to the number of turns on the winding. The transformer is one of the most efficient devices that man has ever been able to construct.



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## "Do You Love Your Family?"

THIS was the title of a remarkable prize contest announced in our issue of December 2, 1926. Seldom, if ever, has The Youth's Companion received such thoughtful and useful letters as have come in. The contest closed January 17, 1927. The winning letter in each of the eight classes will be published from now on. This week we present the winning letter in Class 1. In this class boys were invited to write letters on "My Father and I," giving a true personal story of the relationship.

One of the first letters was from Lawrence Berry (8) of Denver, Colorado. While his letter is too brief to win against the work of older boys, his first paragraph deserves to be quoted in full. "My father is a good sport," he wrote. "He plays the game square. He is a dad anyone could love, and I love him a good lot."

Another young contestant is Llewellyn Miller (10), of Arapaho, Okla. "Indeed I love my family," he writes; and after describing how he works with his father on the farm, he says: "It makes me feel big when brother and I are playing ball and we can get father to catch or pitch. We have taken lots of short trips together, and every one was enjoyable."

The prize-winning letter, remarkable for the picture it gives of a father's love and a boy's appreciation, is from Frank Turner (15), of Pisgah, Ala. He writes:

Pisgah, Alabama  
January 14, 1927.

My father is my best pal. He always gives me good advice. If I am tempted to do something not exactly right, I first say: "Would my father advise me to do this, or would I do it if my father were with me?"

I do not smoke tobacco in any form, but I would if it were not for my father. When only about three years old, I said to my mother one day: "I will be glad when I get to be as big as daddy." She asked me why, and I said: "So that I can smoke." At noon when my father came from the field, my mother told him what I had said. He immediately got his tobacco and pipe and threw them in the fire. He did not smoke much before this incident and has not smoked since. If he can quit a habit just for my benefit, I am sure I can honor him by not indulging in that habit myself.

When my father goes hunting or fishing I go with him if I am not in school.

I live on a farm. During the summer, my father, my brothers and I work together in the crops. When there is some work to do my father does not say, as most men do: "All right, boys, get this work done, and then you can go to the swimming hole." Instead, he helps to do the work, and then he goes swimming with us.

My father does not use profane language at all. I try to do likewise. He does not hang around the village and will not allow my brothers and me to do it. We boys are given something each year to make us some money. We all have a savings account. My father teaches us to save, but not to be misers or spendthrifts.

This rule, which I have learned from my father, is good for every boy: "Show me your company, and I will tell you what you are. Keep good company or none at all."

We boys are furnished plenty of good books and magazines, and the best is The Youth's Companion. I say: "A real father is the best pal a boy can have. Always take your father's advice, and you are not likely to go wrong."

FRANK TURNER (15)

Honorable Mention, for letters of almost equal merit, is given to Willey Foreman (14), Morgantown, W. Va.; Kenneth Edwards, Ellensburg, Wash.; De Vere Hale (18), Elba, Colo.; Edward Inskip (15), Hamburg, N. Y.; Franklin Rutter (15), Ruso, N. D.; John Barton (15), Egger, Ark.; Frank E. Miller, Jr. (17), East Lynn, Mass.; Burrell Cagle (15), Egger, Ark.; Oswald E. Anderson (18), North Chili, N. Y.; William Willetts (16), Morgantown, W. Va.; Charles W. Blatchley (14), New Haven, Conn.; James Evans (13), Krum, Tex.; Thomas Wright (15), Morgantown, W. Va.

A very remarkable letter comes from a boy in Richmond, Quebec, who signs with a pen name. "There is no blood relationship between papa and me," he writes, "for he is my step-father. Against the advice of many interested persons who saw only the financial value of a boy of seventeen on a farm, papa has given me a high-school education. The constant bickering over money, time and freedom that is prevalent in some households is absent here. I am allowed to possess a small poultry business of my own. Papa and I work together; and he remembers that the boy of today enjoys and needs to skate, ski and go to parties. I have heard him say that fathers should multiply the parties they attended by two, for when they arrive at middle age they only remember half of them. Talking over our various problems takes down a lot of the barriers between the generations. Papa often uses my ideas about his work, while I seek his advice about mine."



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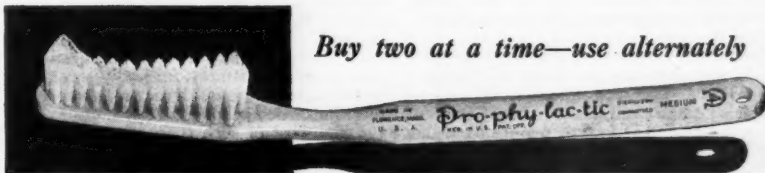
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### FACT AND COMMENT

EVERYONE is bound to make mistakes. The wise man is he who does not make the same mistake twice.

WORDS, LIKE GARTERS, can be stretched so far that they lose all usefulness.—Heywood Brown.

THIS IS AN AGE OF SPECIALIZATION. An elderly Englishman writes to the papers to say that he knows how to do thirty-two distinct things, but he cannot get a job. If he could do one or two things better than almost anyone else, he could get one without any trouble.

THE WORD "LADY" has been so much abused, both in England and in the United States, that it has lost its original meaning, and therefore the pendulum is swinging back toward the older and more democratic word "woman." The American Folk Dance Society long since decided to use only "men" and "women" in its directions for dances, and that is also the practice of the National Archery Association of the United States in its tournament programs. Now the British Lawn Tennis Association has decided in favor of "women" as against "ladies." It is a sensible change.

### "THIRD TERM" TALK

A YEAR from now we shall be agitated by the excitement of another Presidential campaign. The two great parties will have begun to operate the elaborate machinery by the aid of which they eventually succeed in selecting candidates for President and Vice President of the United States. But already people are wondering who those candidates will be. Everyone acknowledges that Governor Smith of New York is the most conspicuous of Democratic aspirants for the nomination. He will go into the convention of his party with greater strength than any other man can command. But that does not assure him of success. The Democrats still require a two-thirds vote to nominate a Presidential candidate, and the opposition to Governor Smith is so strong among the Democrats of the South and West that he will find it hard to get so large a proportion of the convention to vote for him.

Among the Republicans the great question is, Will President Coolidge be a candidate to succeed himself? No one knows the answer. The President is a shrewd enough politician not to commit himself so early. It is generally admitted that if he really desires the nomination he can get it, though not with the unanimity that marked his selection in 1924. There is bound to be opposition to him in the Middle West and in the corn and wheat states of the West, where his position on the subject of legislation intended to relieve the difficult economic situation of the farmers is not satisfactory to that important body of men.

Among the arguments that are brought against him as a candidate is the assertion that he will be running for a "third term," the tradition against which is very strong. It is not precisely true, for his "first term" according to that reckoning was not a real term at all, since it consisted of a year and a half only, between the death of President Harding and the expiration of the term for which he had been elected. Mr. Coolidge's case was different in that respect from that of President Roosevelt, who succeeded President McKinley so soon after the inaugura-

tion of the latter that he had almost a full four years to serve.

But it is none the less a fact that, if he is reelected, President Coolidge will have a total term of office of nine years and seven months, a period substantially longer than any previous President has enjoyed. We shall soon learn whether that fact will of itself arouse effective opposition to his re-nomination. Only two other men have ever been active aspirants for more than eight years in the White House, and both presented themselves as candidates after an intervening term. In 1880 General Grant went before the Republican convention at Chicago and came within fifty or sixty votes of success. The opposition to General Grant was too strong, however. The convention would not nominate him and turned finally to General Garfield. In 1912 Mr. Roosevelt also contested the Republican nomination. He did not get it, though millions of Republican voters wanted him to have it. Defeated in the convention, he ran independently, split the Republican party from top to bottom and made the career of Woodrow Wilson possible. What will happen if Calvin Coolidge asks for four years more in addition to the five and a half years between President Harding's death and the fourth of March, 1929? That is one of the most interesting questions of current American politics.

### GOING TO COLLEGE

ARE the boys in our high schools and in other preparatory institutions aware of the changing attitude of the colleges toward them? We hope they are, for otherwise a disagreeable experience awaits them.

Until a few years ago anyone could go to college who had the price or was willing to work for it. The country was beginning to feel its new prosperity. More and more families found themselves able to send their sons to college, and more and more boys wanted to go. Four years of association with pleasant companions, a chance of winning fame in some branch of athletics, and the social advantages of being known as a college man were attractive inducements. The result was so great an increase in the applicants for matriculation that the colleges were swamped. Their facilities were inadequate to handling the amount of raw material that was dumped at their doors, and they were obliged to put up barriers.

At first those barriers took the form of stiffer entrance examinations, and they still hold that form. But the change has gone much farther and has extended in other directions. Entrance examinations in all the better-known colleges are turning from the mere mental test of scholarship to the broader field of character, of general, all-round fitness.

The plan recently adopted at Yale will serve as an example. The June examinations, coupled with the report by the principal of the school where the candidate fitted, will be final, and the principal's report will cover the whole four years of the boy's preparatory course. The June examinations will be a verification of the accuracy of that report—a sort of auditor's accounting of the mental balance sheet; but the report will cover character and personal attributes as well as scholarship. The applicant's record will be considered as complete when he has finished his four years' preparatory course and taken the entrance examinations. If he fails, "cramming" with a summer tutor will not save him.

From now on, boys who are ambitious of the higher education must make up their minds that it begins in the first year of high school, and that it includes other branches than hockey, football and track athletics. It means, not four years of more or less indolent pleasure, but eight years of hard, honest work.

### THE COST OF SICKNESS

THE first hospitals, crude and clumsy institutions, were dreaded by most sick people, and especially by the poor, because of the fear that they were established less to cure the diseased than to furnish clinical material for experimenting physicians. No one fears hospitals for that reason today. Our modern hospitals are sunny, cheery places, skillfully planned, thoroughly equipped with every device for accurate diagnosis and curative treatment, faithfully served by well-trained surgeons, physicians, nurses and dietitians. Rich people who can afford to pay the high cost of such thorough and careful treatment hurry to the hospital to be cured of their slightest ailment. The poor are

received there as charity patients and get the best of medical attention for nothing. The people who dread hospitals now-a-days are the kind of people who read The Youth's Companion—the everyday folk, the great middle class of the nation; and they dread it only because it costs so much to be sick in them.

Persons of this sort have too much self-respect to appear at the hospital as charity patients, but anyone who pays the real cost of the kind of treatment the best hospitals give finds it a very expensive thing. Surgical fees are high; nursing, if one has private nursing, is costly; the overhead expenses of a great hospital with its laboratories, elaborate apparatus and immense staff of employees is heavy—and half the patients, or more, pay nothing toward it. The hospitals save many lives and make sickness as little uncomfortable as it can be; but they saddle many a family with debts that it takes months and years of rigid sacrifice to meet.

The doctors and surgeons recognize this unfortunate aspect of the case and are trying to find a way to reduce the cost of hospital treatment. At Atlantic City the American Hospital Association, meeting in convention, gave a good deal of its time to discussing the problem. It seemed to be the opinion of the delegates that some doctors are to blame for setting their fees too high for people of moderate means, that hospitals often put patients to unnecessary expense by insisting on thorough and costly laboratory diagnosis and examination, even when the case is a simple one; and that patients themselves often insist on large and expensive rooms and private nursing, which they can ill afford, simply because they want "everything that anyone else has."

It is possible in all these ways to reduce somewhat the cost of sickness, but the physician is probably right who said at Atlantic City that special endowments, given by wealthy benefactors for moderate-priced hospital rooms, are the most effective means of relieving the situation. One large hospital in Boston is now building an eleven-story addition, planned to supply accommodations for patients of limited means. The example is recommended to hospitals in other cities. But few of them are so wealthy that they can do that without help. There are not many ways in which philanthropic men and women can do more good with their money than by making it possible for such hospitals to give wider service at a moderate price.

### THIS BUSINESS WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

#### WE AND THE WORLD COURT

ALTHOUGH the Senate defeated by a vote of 59 to 30 a resolution to recall our offer to adhere to the Permanent Court of International Justice, the feeling is general at Washington that we shall not, for the present at least, be called upon to make good that offer. The replies of several of the European nations, including Great Britain, make it clear that they are not willing to accept all the reservations that the Senate attached to our offer, and it is equally certain that no real modification of those reservations would have the least chance of passing the Senate. President Coolidge has even said plainly that he should not consider submitting any such modifications to that body.

#### THE FARM-RELIEF BILL

BY a vote of 47 to 39 the Senate passed the McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill, and the House of Representatives passed it a few days later, 214 to 178. Before this paragraph is read we shall know whether or not President Coolidge has signed the bill. If he vetoes it, it will be because of his belief that it is economically unsound, and because of the undoubted fact that in the effort to secure a majority for it a number of provisions were inserted which are not well thought out and are difficult of enforcement. The bill includes in its scope the great crops, wheat, corn, tobacco, cotton and rice, and the raising of swine. It provides a revolving fund of \$250,000,000 from the national treasury to assist cooperative or other farm organizations in buying and holding surpluses in any of those crops, in order to prevent any disastrous fall in prices as a result of oversupply. This money is supposed to be returned to the government through an "equalization fee" to be levied on each

bushel or hundredweight of the crop so controlled, to be paid as that quantity leaves the hands of the producer. A commission to administer the government's contribution to the system is provided for; it is to consist of men named by the President from nominations submitted to him by the farmer organizations interested in the crops mentioned, with the addition of three members appointed on his own responsibility.

#### THE NAVAL PARLEY

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE aroused the world last month by proposing to Great Britain, France, Japan and Italy that those powers, together with the United States, should agree to separate the question of naval armament from the matter of land and air armament, when the adjourned Geneva conference meets again this spring. He further proposed that these five powers should then confer together, as they did in Washington five years ago, and agree to limit the building of cruisers, gunboats and submarines, as they have already limited the building of battleships. The President's note was received with a good deal of cordiality in Great Britain, and with agreement in principle in Japan, but with a protest against the 5-5-3 ratio in naval power, which Japan has never thought quite fair to herself. But France and Italy have definitely rejected the proposal. Those nations are unwilling to consent to any restriction on their submarine fleet, which they regard as the cheapest and best means of naval defense they possess. They say too that the matter of disarmament or limited armament is one for the League of Nations to deal with as a whole, and they will not consent to take any part of it out of the League's hands. It is not probable, therefore, that the President's suggestion will result in anything definite at present.

#### THE CHINESE TANGLE

THINGS always move slowly in China; the future of the revolution there and the question of what foreign nations are to do with the situation are still far from anything like settlement. British troops are pouring into Shanghai, and they may well enough be needed to protect the international city, since the Chinese generals have declined to accept our Secretary Kellogg's proposal to neutralize the Shanghai area and forbid any fighting there. The battles south of Shanghai have been favorable to the Cantonese army, which has taken Hangchow and now threatens Shanghai itself. Twenty-one foreign warships lay in the harbor of that city. It is announced from Peking that Chang Tso-lin, the most powerful of the Northern generals, has an army ready with which he intends to recover Hankow and the Yangtze Valley from the Cantonese. Wu Pei-fu, another important leader, has an army in being between Peking and Hankow, and no one seems to know what he will do with it. He is no friend to either Chang Tso-lin or Chiang Kai-shek, the Cantonese general, but it will be hard for him to avoid taking one side or the other, unless he is to be ground to pieces between them. The attempt of the British government to reach some sort of accord with Chen, the Cantonese foreign minister, seems to have broken down.

#### COMMUNISM IN THE UNITED STATES

THE numerical weakness of the Communist movement in the United States is shown by the fact that the only party definitely subscribing to Communist doctrines has but 7000 members, one fifth of the number it possessed in 1919. The party consists almost wholly of leaders or would-be leaders; it is almost without any rank and file at all. These leaders are in continual disagreement over the policy they ought to pursue, which still further weakens the driving force of the movement.

#### BRIDGING LAKE CHAMPLAIN

FOR a hundred miles Lake Champlain stretches itself between the states of New York and Vermont, a beautiful sheet of water, but a real impediment to easy communication between the two states. It is now proposed to put a bridge across a narrow part of the lake between Fort Ticonderoga in New York and Chimney Point in Vermont. The joint legislative commission of the two states is heartily in favor of the bridge, which would cost something like \$1,500,000. The plan contemplates meeting the cost of the bridge by toll charges of perhaps a dollar for each automobile.





**PETS for the FAMILY**

Every family should have one or more pets. In establishing this column, it is our desire to assist our subscribers in the selection of these pets by publishing the advertisements of reliable persons, who have them for sale.

**SQUAB BOOK FREE**

Breed squabs and make money. Sold by millions. Write at once for free 40-page book beautifully printed in colors telling how to do it. You will be surprised. **PLUMBER ROCK SQUAB CO.** 197 N. St., Melrose Highlands, Mass.

**SNOW WHITE ESKIMO PUPPIES**

The loveliest and cutest things on earth. Natural child's pal and playfellow. Natural trick dogs. The dog with a human brain. 5c in stamps for Catalogue. **Brockway's Kennels, Baldwin, Kansas.**

**COLLIES**—White and Colors. Pedigreed, intelligent workers, loyal companions, reliable guards. Prices reasonable, and satisfaction guaranteed. **Box 140, Shomont Kennels, Monticello, Iowa.**

**FLYING SQUIRRELS**—Rare, handsome pets. Easily raised in small space. Mated pair \$3.00, two pairs \$5.00, safe delivery guaranteed. **Wildwoods Fur Farm, Woodville, Texas.**

**Strongheart Police Dogs**, the finest in the world. **Strongheart Kennels, R. F. D. 6, New Brunswick, N. J.**

**COLLIES** for sale. Also book on training, 35c. **F. R. Clark, Bloomington, Ill.**

**BEAUTIFUL REGISTERED BULL PUPS, \$15**

Bulldogs. 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas.

**Pedigreed GERMAN POLICE PUPPIES**

Grey or black color. Males \$37.50. E. Winter, Lebanon, Wis.



**CHICKS** from contest winners, 15 varieties. Set up. Get our big circular. **Lawrence Hatchery, Grand Rapids, Mich.**

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**Sold Direct To You At A Large Saving**

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If the New Companion Sewing Machine you select is not perfectly satisfactory in every particular after you have tried it in your home for three months, we will **REFUND YOUR MONEY** and take back the machine at our expense.

We offer a choice of eleven styles, including oscillating and rotary machines in both foot treadle and electric models. We also **guarantee** for twenty-five years, pay all freight charges, and sell at a very low price.

**New Low Prices—Attractive Terms**

Be sure to get Our Liberal Offer and Attractive Terms before purchasing a new sewing machine. A request brings our free illustrated booklet and full particulars by return mail. **SEND IT NOW.**

**THE YOUTH'S COMPANION**

8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.

## MISCELLANY

### Historic Calendar



Drawn by L. F. Grant  
Solar eclipse

March 16, 1885.

*THE great eclipse, as promised, came to pass, And all the world assumed fantastic poses To scan the sky through lampblack bits of glass And went about with smudged but eager noses.*

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

### THE UNIVERSAL FAITH

The Companion's Religious Article

**UNDERLYING** all the diversities of religion, which appear from some points of view to constitute a chaos of opposing creeds, appear a few convictions so widely held, and by such diversified groups of believers, that we are justified in thinking not alone of differing forms of faith but of one universal faith which belongs to the permanent thought and life of man.

Men very generally believe in what Matthew Arnold called a Power not ourselves, and most of them agree with him that "that Power makes for righteousness." That is the basis not alone of every reasonable faith but of all durable hope. Men did not make themselves, and they cannot save themselves. The Power that made them is the Power that, making for righteousness, must bring their lives to their own best fruition.

Men are everywhere conscious of having attained to less than their own best. The accusing finger that points deepest into the human heart is that of our own unrealized ideal. It is not alone the image of unattained perfection that chides; it is also the contrast between what we are and what we know we ought to be.

Men believe in some disclosure of the divine will, something that finds common ground between God and man and makes man understand what God is and what He has destined man to be.

Men believe in sacrifice. From the crude and cruel offerings of the pagan world down through the red path of Old Testament ritual, men have revealed their own feeling that life and joy are to be found in the losing of them, and that redemption is to be wrought by sacrificial love.

Religion and morality have not always gone hand in hand, and there are few immoralities that have not been sanctioned or even encouraged in some religions. But the best and most widely diversified religions teach righteousness toward man as a part of duty toward God. It was so in ancient Babylon, as we know from the code of Hammurabi. It was so in ancient Egypt, as we are taught in a thousand inscriptions exhumed in these modern days. It is so in all the great ethnic faiths. It will be so in any faith that lasts.

And men believe in life everlasting. One world at a time is not enough. The noblest aspirations of men's aspiring spirits and the worthiest hopes that belong to humanity express themselves in faith in immortality.

Some such convictions as these underlie the abiding faith that is inclusive of all faiths.

### TREATMENT OF MEASLES

The Companion's Medical Article

**MEASLES**, like the other eruptive diseases of childhood, is what is called a self-limited disease; that is to say, it usually runs a definite course and at the end of a certain period terminates in recovery. It cannot be cut short by any known remedy, though doubtless some serum or vaccine will eventually be discovered by means of which it can possibly be prevented, or possibly cured if taken at the very start. The

treatment is therefore one of watchful waiting—expectant treatment, as it is called by the doctors. Whatever is done is with the object of making the child as comfortable as possible, at the same time carefully watching for any complication in order to attack it at once before irreparable harm is done.

As soon as the trouble is diagnosed, or even suspected, the patient should be placed in a room where a plentiful supply of fresh air from the open window can be obtained while the room itself is warm and free from drafts. A large open fire is ideal, as it insures good ventilation while it warms the atmosphere. The patient must be well covered and warm in bed, but not to the overheated point. During the height of the fever very light covering will suffice, but later, when the fever has disappeared, the temperature may become subnormal and then the patient will feel cold. Rather than pile on many blankets it will be better to put on a woolen robe over the cotton or linen nightgown.

Sponging with hot water several times a day will be comforting and will bring out the rash if there is a tendency for it to delay. The best food during the fever is milk diluted with lime water. The mouth must be kept clean by swabbing with some antiseptic fluid. The chief anxiety of the doctor is to prevent the occurrence of catarrhal laryngitis or bronchitis or broncho-pneumonia. There is danger also of ear trouble; and if the child is seen to put the hand often to the ear, or if he seems to be in pain, the doctor's attention should be called to it at once. There is almost always more or less inflammation of the eyes, which can usually be relieved by drops of boric acid solution and camphor water. The glare of the sunlight should be shut out and the bed so placed that the patient does not face the light. In favorable cases measles lasts only about a week, but it is wise to keep the child in bed for another week in order to prevent any of the unpleasant and dangerous catarrhal complications.

### BABY LANGUAGE

**LITTLE** children often construct what amounts to a new language in their first efforts to articulate. About one such tongue a writer in the Boston Transcript discusses pleasantly:

They call her the little Eskimo—of course she isn't one—because her talk sounds like Eskimo. Anyhow, she has given us a delightful lesson in her own language. She looked up at the moon and exclaimed:

"Moo! Moo! Moo! Da-da, da-da moo! Yo-lo. No-no moo! Da-da, da-da! Baby no! Daw-dawn, daw-dawn."

Literally, "Moon! Moon! Moon! Big, big moon! Yellow. Another moon, Big, big! Little moon no. All gone, all gone." Which, being still further interpreted, is, "Oh, see the big yellow moon. It's another moon. The little moon isn't there any more. It's all gone."

And the explanation: She first saw the moon on Sunday, November 7, her second birthday, as a crescent low in the west. Monday, November 15, she discovered it in its enlarged edition, in the south. Hence, "Another moon, a big moon," pointing to it, while the "little moon" which she had seen in another part of the sky was now "all gone."

### THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining, not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. The Youth's Companion gives its readers this list, revised every week.

### THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

#### BLUE-RIBBON LIST

**A Little Journey**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
An incorrigibly forward youth meets his fate in a Pullman car. William Haines, Claire Windsor

**An Affair of the Folies**—First National  
The tangled heart-affair of an inventor, a clerk and a pretty chorus girl come out satisfactorily in the end. Lewis Stone, Billie Dove, Lloyd Hughes

**April Showers**—Chadwick Pictures  
An immigrant umbrella vendor finds America a land of fulfillment for himself and his little daughter. Alexander Carr and Baby Peggy

**Old Ironsides**—Paramount  
A remarkable picture, based on the glorious exploits of the old frigate "Constitution" when Decatur, Lawrence and other heroes of the sea manned her guns. Charles Farrell, Wallace Beery, Esther Ralston, George Bancroft

**The Potters**—Paramount  
Through the unexpected assistance of an oil gusher a downtrodden father reasserts himself. Very amusing. W. C. Fields, Mary Alden

**The Music Master**—William Fox  
The well known play, in which a father, always forgetful of self, seeks and finds a long-lost daughter. Alec B. Francis, Lois Moran



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**Baker's Breakfast Cocoa**

is Not an Accident

It is the result of a judicious selection and blending of cocoa beans, of which there are more than thirty grades; of most careful roasting, a very delicate operation; and its further preparation by the best mechanical processes (no chemicals) which preserve the delicious natural flavor and aroma and attractive color of the beans.

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**ASTHMA** THE HAYES METHOD  
relieves and cures to stay cured. Write for particulars and proofs to **P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.**, asking for Bulletin Y-272. Free.

**STAMMERING**  
easily, permanently corrected. Win happiness and success. Ask for full information and special phonograph record. Send dime for postage 157 Edison Ave., The LEWIS INSTITUTE, Detroit

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy. **Mrs. Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.**

### THE LAND OF PROMISE

By Margaret Lynn

**THIS** splendid story which has been running serially in the Companion will be published in book form April 9. By mail, postpaid \$2.10, from the Atlantic Monthly Bookshop, 8 Arlington Street, Boston



**Cuticura Loveliness**  
A Clear Healthy Skin

Insured by Every-day Use of Cuticura Soap



Our Key-  
stone Pin of  
Gold and  
Blue

## The G. Y. C.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion"—Join now!

Our aim: greater knowledge,  
skill and happiness through  
enterprises which lead to suc-  
cessful achievements

### A Guest-Book for Our New House—G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 29

With the G. Y. C. from Coast to Coast



The Jolly Six, our second Club in Pennsylvania

There are now 72 Active G. Y. C. Branch Clubs—but there are also still thirteen state prizes as yet unclaimed! Two states already boast four clubs—two others, three. Is your club going to join? Will it win \$5.00, \$2.00 or \$1.00 for being the first, second or third club from your state? Write to me about it. H. G.

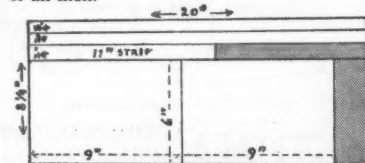
OUR guest-book is ready for visitors at our new house! Lucille's sister Martha made it for us. We are very proud of it indeed and hope to find lots of names signed up in it before many more weeks.

The Workbox thought that this book would make a splendid enterprise for any or all of you, and especially for those of you who haven't any record diaries yet.

To make this little book, we first had to make a frame on which to bind it. This took a board 20 by 6 inches for the bottom piece. Two strips of board 20 inches long and about 2 inches wide were then nailed to the bottom piece at each side at the ends, and a third strip of board 21 inches long by about 2 inches wide was nailed across the tops of these two upright pieces, completing a square frame.

#### The Binding Strips

With this frame we were ready to begin on the binding. We had chosen dark brown suede leather for our book covers, and we cut three strips off the long side of our 20-by-8½-inch piece of leather with a very sharp knife on a board. Two of these strips were 20 by ¾ inches, and the other 11 inches by ¾ of an inch.



Leather-cutting diagram

These strips were arranged with the short strip in the center and each one folded in half and attached at the center to the bottom of the frame with thumb tacks. They should be tacked about 2¼ inches apart—the shorter strip in the center. When you finish tacking them on, the long strips, of course, measure 10 inches on each side of the tack, and the short piece, in the center, 5½ inches on each side.

The lower ends of these strips are left hanging while the top ends are brought up and tacked to the top crosspiece of the frame. The Workbox frame was made too high for the strips, and so we had to over-

come this difficulty by tying a strong linen thread through the ends of the strips and tacking the thread loops to the top of the frame to hold the strips in place. At last the strips were ready for the pages!

#### The Pages

Forty-five sheets of a good-quality bond typewriting paper, 8½ by 11 inches, were folded in half, and then three folded sheets were put together to make a section. This made fifteen of these sections in all for the Workbox book—you could make more or less as you wish, of course.



The right way to use the binding frame

When the sections were all neatly folded, a pencil line was made on the back of each section ¾ of an inch from each end of the paper. A second pencil line was then made, 1 inch from each end. Still another line, ¾ of an inch from this 1-inch line, was made on each end; and, finally, a pencil line 3¾ inches from each end of the paper. This made eight marks across the back page of each section.

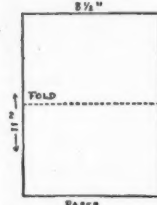
When these points were measured off and marked, each section in turn was firmly held and a nail file pushed across the penciled

points on the fold to make perforations for the needle which was to be used in binding the sections together later on. A heavy safety-pin or a small saw could also be used, but the nail file answered the purpose. The paper was now ready to be bound to the strips with a strong quality of linen thread.

A section was put behind the strips on the frame. It should be held open with the left hand, as Martha is holding it in the picture, with three pages up and three down on the bottom piece of the frame.

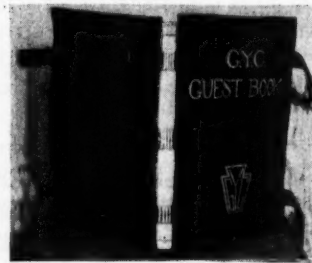
#### Binding the Pages Together

Make a knot of thread and push your needle through the first perforation on the right-hand end, which should come on the first penciled line you made ¾ of an inch from the end. Then bring your thread under the paper and push the needle up through the next perforation. Then carry the thread over the strip of leather, through and under that. Bring the thread under the paper and over the third strip and, lastly, up through the last perforation on the left-hand side.



The paper folding and marking diagram

Now you are ready to add another section. This new section should be joined to the first by making a button-hole stitch at the first perforation on the left-hand end and then carrying your thread back to the right-hand end by going under the paper and



over the strips, as you did with the first row. End your second row by making another buttonhole stitch to attach the second section to the first section at the point where the thread first entered. Now you are ready to add your third section.

After three sections are bound together and you are ready to add your fourth, the thread should be carried under the paper and over the strips in the same way, but a double buttonhole stitch should be taken in the center of the threads over each strip. This double stitch should be taken each time that a new group of three sections is added. The Workbox did this double stitch on 5 rows, of course, since the book was in 15 sections.

#### The Outside Covers

First of all, we cut cardboard, the size of our pages: 8½ by 5½ inches. Then the leather was cut ½ of an inch larger all round, making each cover measure 9 by 6 inches. The cardboard was pasted on the leather and covered on the inside with an attractive, fancy paper. Five slits the width of the binding strips which held the pages were cut in each cover, and the strips were pulled through them, giving the result that you can see in the pictures of the finished book.

The finishing touch was the Keystone and lettering done with gold paint.

These covers can be made out of cretonne, silk or linen, and the binding strips for holding the pages, from ribbon or tape. If the covers are made of linen, you might pull threads and draw yarn or silk through where they come out. A design could be worked in this way in the center or one corner.

The girls are hoping that all the 180 pages in The G. Y. C. Workbox guest-book will soon be so full of names that they will have an opportunity to make another book.

### Have You Your Own Little Garden?

Chesterfield, Ohio

Dear Hazel Grey: After Christmas one begins to look forward to spring, and what would spring be without flowers? I am writing about my own little garden. Any girl could make one for herself, and perhaps one of the G. Y. C. Branch Clubs would like to make one, all sharing in the work. I hope some of the girls will make a garden for themselves and enjoy it as much as I do.

The following plan is of my own garden. It is very simple but very pretty. Any flowers may be planted. Among my perennials are: Larkspur, sweet William, phlox, hollyhocks, feverfew, forget-me-nots and Shasta daisies. I also have some iris and a few tulips. The perennials of course stay in the ground and bloom yearly after the first year. The taller ones are planted at the back, with the short ones and the annuals in front. Any nursery would have the small perennial plants, but the annuals are grown easily from seed. The annuals listed below are some I grow yearly in my own garden. The small creeping kinds make splendid borders. Also the French marigolds are "hedgy." One package of each will make a good many



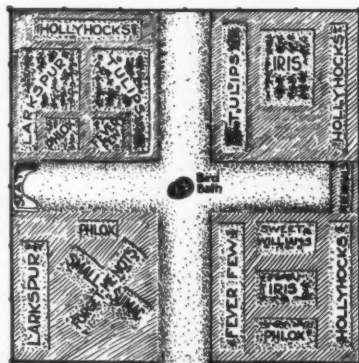
Charlotte Honberger—G. Y. C. Active Member

plants, but if you want quite a bit for borders you had better get more seed. Bachelor's-buttons, French and African marigolds, baby's-breath, calendulas, hound's-tongue, butterfly flower, sweet verbena, zinnias, mignonette, cosmos, sweet peas, sweet alyssum, lady's-slippers, lobelia, candytuft and African daisies are all good annuals. Most of these may be successfully transplanted, but some of the more tender ones must be planted just where they are to grow.

Just one thing to be careful about in a small garden is not to hide any lovely little blossom behind a tall bushy plant. Put your tall flowers at the back and graduate the others to the border. The sweet peas must grow on a fence. I have a fence all round my garden. On two sides are sweet peas. On the other two sides are grapes. If you want something to grow on a fence, but don't want to try sweet peas or grapes, why not plant morning glories?

A good book to get if you are planning a garden is "The Seasons in a Flower Garden" by Louise Shelton, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, for \$2.00. This book will give the beginning gardener a great deal of helpful information.

Sincerely yours,  
CHARLOTTE HONBERGER (15)



Charlotte's garden plan

This is the Keystone Blank

Return to Hazel Grey

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):

...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

My name is.....

I am..... years old.

Address.....

### Fashions for the Young Girl

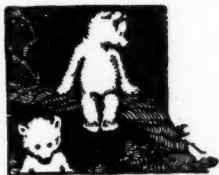
FOR spring hikes and classes, Betty chose this ensemble. It is good because it is so simple—its simplicity giving it the very spirit of that elusive style which we all enjoy catching even for our most everyday clothes! Both colorings and materials of sweater and skirt have a lot to do with it and offer a chance for you to suit your individual tastes and types. The slip-on jersey in soft lavin green, powder blue, scarlet, rosewood, buff or even white harmonizes with a sturdy, well-tailored tweed skirt in green, blue, gray or tan. Berets to top off with are powder blue, brown or scarlet. And if you wish, wear your sweater tucked in and have one of the new ribbon belts in plain or roman colors. The sweater comes in sizes 34 to 40, \$4.00; the skirt in belt sizes 25, 26, 28, 30 and 32, and lengths of 21–23 inches, \$5.00; berets, \$1.50; and belts, \$5.00.



Heyle Stradio Costume from Filene's

HAZEL GREY  
8 Arlington Street Boston, Massachusetts





# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



## GO OUT, GOOD SHIPS

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Go out, good ships, across the tide,  
Be brave to meet all weathers;  
Make many a port, and fill each  
hold  
With sky-blue silk and yellow gold  
And pearls and peacock feathers.

The wind is in your shining sails,  
Your keen prows cut the foam;  
Sail very fast and very far,  
Then turn, and by the Northern  
Star  
Come steering safely home.



Drawings by Davis Marwin

## The Littlest Sunbeam

By Grace W. Van Cleve

**T**HERE was once upon a time a tiny pink rosebud that grew in a beautiful garden. People thought that it was more beautiful than all the other flowers. That made some of the big roses jealous, and they crowded the poor rosebud outside the garden.

"O dear!" she said. "Now I shall die."  
"Why do you die?" a little voice said from the grass down by her feet.

"Because the gardener won't water me, and nobody will weed me; and besides, I think I'll die of loneliness."

"But the rain will water you, and the weeds won't hurt you, and I will stay and keep you company."

At that the little rosebud looked down and saw a tiny sunbeam.

"But," she said, "it is dangerous for a sunbeam to stay on the earth at night. It makes the shadows very, very angry."

Twinkle,—that was the sunbeam's name,—nodded his head slowly. "I know it," he said, "but I'm not much afraid."

Probably nothing much would have happened if it hadn't been for the family of very cross shadows that lived behind the hill. There was a short fat shadow, a long lanky shadow, and a shadow with claws and a tail. They hated to see sunbeams at any time, and at night it made them simply furious.

"What is this?" roared the short fat shadow, catching sight of Twinkle.

"Oh, don't mind me!" said Twinkle quickly. "I am just here to keep the rosebud company, and you see I am much too little to do any harm."

And when the shadow saw how very little the sunbeam really was he decided it wasn't worth while troubling himself.

The next one that came was the long lanky shadow. "What is this?" he growled.

"Oh, don't bother, please!" Twinkle said. "I am just here to keep the rosebud company, and you see I couldn't do a bit of harm."

But the shadow never stopped, and if he hadn't got his hair tangled in a tree he would have caught our poor little Twinkle; but before he could untangle himself the moon came out and cut him right in two.

Then, for a long time, nothing happened, and Twinkle was thinking that it must be almost morning, when a furry voice spoke close beside him. "How glad I am to see you!" it said. "Won't you please come home to my house and have a cup of tea?"

Twinkle turned around, and there right beside him was the shadow with claws and a tail. The claws were hidden, and he didn't look fierce at all, but the rosebud had seen him before, so she knew him.

"Get inside of me, quick," she whispered.

So Twinkle climbed inside the tiny pink

## WHEN LITTLE BEAR SAT IN HONEY

By Frances Margaret Fox

**O**NE day Little Bear had two bowls of honey for dinner. He asked for more.

"No, you have had enough!" Mother Bear told him.

"I wish," Little Bear said to her, "I wish I could sit in honey. I would eat it and eat it and eat it!"

The Three Bears laughed.

After dinner Little Bear went out to play. In the woods he saw a wide old log on the ground. He climbed on top of it. He danced a queer up-and-down dance.

The log broke. Down went Little Bear. It was a hollow log. It was full of honey. Little Bear sat go-bang in the honey.

"Now I will eat honey," said Little Bear.



He asked for more

He did, with his paws. He ate and ate until he could not eat another drop. It was too sweet. Then he said:

"I will go home!"

He could not get out of the log. He tried and tried. At last he rocked the log over. The honey poured upon him. He crawled out and ran home.

Father Bear and Mother Bear were sitting on the steps. When they saw Little Bear dripping with honey, how they laughed! Mother Bear said:

"Honey Bear, sweet one, do not come near us!"

"I've got my wish," Little Bear wailed. "I do not want any more honey to eat. I will take a bath in the river!"

He did. Next day he felt better.



WALT HARRIS

"Do not come near us!"

bud and lay as still as a mouse. The shadow looked all around, but all it could see was something that looked like the yellow center of a flower, and when it tried to pull this out it pricked its fingers on some thorns and got so angry that it burst

into a thousand pieces and never troubled anybody any more.

But Twinkle lived quite safe and sound inside the little flower; and if you don't believe it, you can find him yourself in his yellow coat in the heart of a wild rose.

## Nuts & Crack

(1). DOUBLE CHARADE.

I know of a city, I know of its state.  
The FIRST of the latter was William III's mate.

And as for the city, I've FIRST to perceive,  
When I walk through the fields, SECONDS stick to my sleeve.

And now the key to this riddle I'll give:  
The LAST of each one is the place where we live.

(2). NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

When a story ends with a wedding, if 1-2 has been the 1-2-3-4, it is very probable that we should call 1-2-3 the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7.

(3). ANAGRAM STORY.

One of the legends of the old house is that on one occasion \* man, who was sitting alone \*\* twelve o'clock, heard a \*\*\* several times repeated. He started for the \*\*\*\* of the house whence the sound had come, carrying a \*\*\*\*\* but all he could discover was what he imagined was the \*\*\*\*\* of feet in the distance. The next morning he went back to investigate and found he had allowed the wax to \*\*\*\*\* and form strange \*\*\*\*\* on the floor. The missing words in this story can be filled in by putting one letter in the first blank space, and for each succeeding blank adding one letter to the ones used in the previous space and rearranging the letters. One word goes in each space.

(4). RIDDLE.

The poor have two; the wealthy none;  
Millions have many; you have one.  
It lies in work, and not in fun,  
Although it's seen in things undone.

(5). COLONEL PUZZLER.

When Colonel Puzzler tried to go through the enemy's lines, he came to a road which was guarded by two sentinels, standing fifty feet apart. One man was looking up the road, the other down, so the colonel thought he could easily slip them; but the sentinels caught him in the act. How did they do it?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

(1). Dr-Ink. Co-Met. Ch-Air. Be-Gin. Ho-Nor. Sh-Ape. Ba-The. Ch-Ill. Sp-Oil. Ca-Ned.

(2). Her-Cue-Lees; Hercules.

(3). CAMPS  
ABOUT  
MOIRE  
PURSE  
STEEL

(4). Washerwoman; was, her, woman.

(5). The colonel found it by replacing the post so that the arm which read "Bingville" pointed down the road up which he had come. Then he knew that the post was in its proper position.

LITTLE BEAR WOULD LIKE TO  
PLAY WITH YOU

Would you like to meet him and play with him? Fifteen cents will bring you a pattern and detailed directions telling just exactly how to make a real Little Bear for your very own.

THE EDITOR OF THE CHILDREN'S PAGE  
8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.

ACTUAL VISITS  
TO P & G HOMES  
No. 9



## Roses of six years ago blossom anew on little Peggy's frock -

IT had a rather charming history — small Peggy's rose-splashed frock. Peggy's young pretty mother, whom we have known since her childhood, showed it to us.

"I made it out of a dress I've kept in a chest for six years," she said. "A dress I wore the summer I was engaged. I brought it downstairs the other day and showed it to Dick and he said why, of course, he remembered just how I looked in it!"

The dress itself was sweet—voile with little stripes of dropped stitches, and roses all over it.

"It had to be washed, of course," went on Peggy's mother, "and the water heater had gone out as it always seems to be doing. So do you know how I washed it? With P and G Soap and cold water! A neighbor told me I could."

"Why," we asked in surprise, "didn't you know you could use P and G with cold water?"

"I'd never used it at all before," she said.



"Now I'm enthusiastic about it. It was so easy to wash the dress without heating water and it came out beautifully. The white part had yellowed a little, but P and G restored its whiteness—and the colors are as fresh as ever."

"Now, whenever I have to wash out anything, I use P and G. It's marvelous the way it saves rubbing. White clothes come out so fresh and white—even the things Peggy gets dirtiest. I'll probably use P and G forever now."

P and G does save work. It's a fine white laundry soap that makes white clothes really white, and washes colored clothes safely clean, without hard rubbing or every-week boiling. Whether water is hard or soft, hot or cold, P and G gives beautiful results. And clothes smell sweet and fresh as though they had been

aired and sunned for hours. Don't you think that P and G could help you, too?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

### How to sprinkle clothes uniformly

YOU know how much more difficult it is to iron clothes satisfactorily which are "dry in spots." Have you ever tried sprinkling your clothes with a whisk broom, which scatters the myriad tiny drops uniformly? It helps too to use hot water. Garments will be dampened evenly so that you can iron almost at once if you wish.

P and G became popular because it was such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price smaller, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.



## The largest-selling soap in the world